

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

SATURDAY NIGHT takes off its hat, makes its most graceful bow, and begs to welcome their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. For months the whole of this city has been bubbling over with loyal anxiety to get on its best dress and say its prettiest things in honor of the Royal visitors, who are likely never to know, unless expressly told, how we have fussed and stewed in our preparations and how many miles of pretty things have been printed in anticipation of this unusual event. Personally I would have preferred to see the city welcome its guests in its everyday clothes instead of wearing striped stockings, dangling rosettes, and hanging so many pieces of colored cloth on tissue paper clothes-lines. I can assure His Highness that this is not our ordinary attire; in fact, I hasten to confess, lest he think we have no more taste than the squaws which he met in the far West, that we do not generally array ourselves in tissue paper and varicolored cloth, and consequently any lack of taste we have displayed should be forgiven as we forgive our country cousins for having tissue paper flowers in their parlor and thinking them pretty—and Toronto did look great, didn't it, when the electric lights were turned on? Canadians are a loyal and contented people, and if there is a center of loyalty anywhere in this Dominion, Toronto is certainly the place—if our insistence upon talking about it is to be accepted as the outward sign of an inward feeling.

The same cannot be truthfully said about our contentment, for I desire to call Your Highness's attention to the fact that this city has never been contented with its government, its street car service, or its Mayor or board of aldermen. It is to be hoped that everything you see will please you, for every effort has been made to hide every-

arrival. We take great pride in our youngsters, as they are so bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked and well dressed, if not as daintily mannered as they might be. We have lots of them, but none to part with. It is to be hoped that they will all be grown up before you are King, and that when you come to the throne they will be as loyal as their parents are and as ready to faithfully uphold British institutions as their parents are, who now toil that the youngsters may have a better start in life than those who hewed this country out of a wilderness.

THE Washington, D.C., "Post" is either unacquainted with the history of North America or is ambitious to be considered the leading bluffer of the universe. In an article congratulating Russia upon having captured an "American" sealing pirate, it alleges without proof that it was a Canadian buccaner which was gathered in. Of this cause of joy I know nothing, but of the general statements made by the "Post" as embodied in a couple of collections which I reproduce, Canada, to her sorrow, knows much.

"As a general rule, we have submitted meekly to every form of encroachment at the hands of Canada and England. With toadies and society bounders representing us at London, and with our High Joint Fantods and so on engaged in perpetual but affectionate wrangling with British and Canadian big-wigs here at home, our interests, to say nothing of our dignity, have been kept at a standstill, while England changed the Alaskan boundary line to suit herself and preyed upon our seal fisheries in Bering sea almost without pretense of concealment."

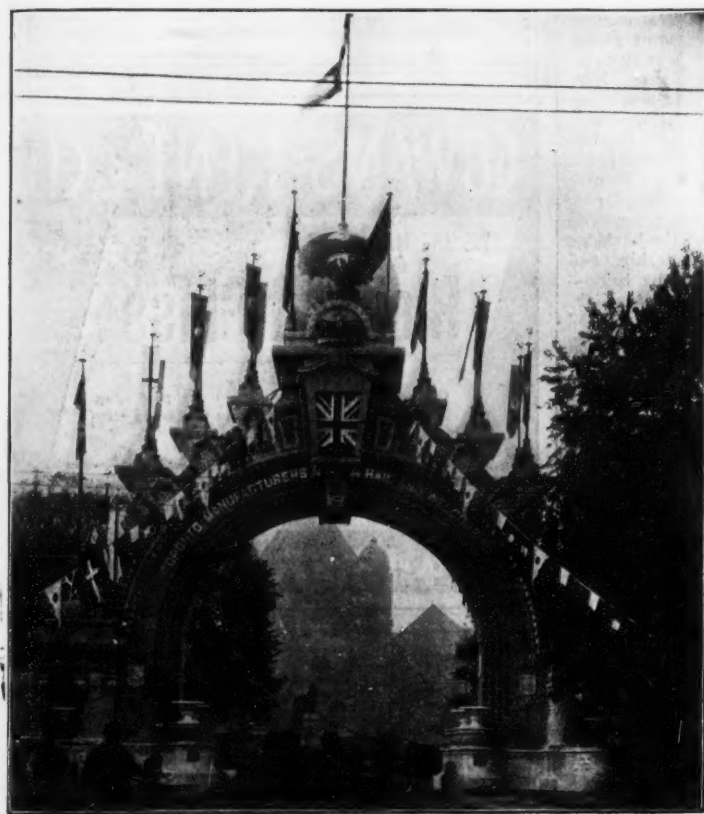
The idea of our Yankee friends submitting "meekly" when things were not all coming their way is too funny to require comment. Of course they "submitted meekly" while their Government stole from us Michigan and Maine; they "submitted meekly" while their fishermen depleted our

the three qualities named to a greater extent than any other one man in the Conservative ranks. He was intensely fond of his family; did more for his native village than any other man; was always ready to speak and work for a political friend, no matter what weather or expense had to be met; true to his principles, faithful to his country and loyal to his King. As Controller of Customs he was popular with political friends and opponents alike, untiring in the discharge of his duties, and was never suspected of the smallest peccadillo for the benefit of either himself, his friends or his party. He was the type of man who is needed in every country and in every parliament, and he will be sorely missed by the Orange order, of which he was the head for over fourteen years. Though he was a hard fighter there are none who will remember him with unkindness, while there are thousands who enjoyed his personal friendship who will mourn his death as that of a brother.

THE "Canadian Gazette" (London, Eng.), having called down Rev. Canon Dixon, who was in Great Britain soliciting money to pay off the mortgage of St. Jude's Church, Montreal, as putting this country in the light of a mendicant, the Montreal clergyman has issued a long but very inadequate reply, which is published in the "Gazette." He states that he is a Canadian, and proud of it, and that having failed to raise \$16,622.84, the balance due on his church, he feels that he had a right to go to England and appeal for the money, and thus prevent the foreclosure of the mortgage. It appears that he is armed with letters of recommendation from Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of the Dominion; from the Mayor of Montreal (who says he has "strong claims on Christians of the Mother Country"); the Hon. Sydney Fisher, Dominion Minister of Agriculture; Colonel Pinault, Deputy Minister of Militia; Dean Carmichael of Montreal, Judge Hall of the King's Bench,

ness, no matter how we put it. If St. Jude's Church is intended as a mission to the immigrants arriving in Montreal, as one of the letters suggests, why was it made such an expensive affair that what Canon Dixon calls "only a balance"—\$16,622.84—should be owing upon it? This debt is simply a part of what was evidently an extravagant scheme—one of the thousands of extravagant expenditures made on church buildings in this country. The harm that will be done to Canada by Canon Dixon's begging tour in Great Britain will probably be more widespread and lasting than the good which he has accomplished in Montreal, and it is to be hoped that though he is successful, as he says he will be, he will find no imitators.

THE "Monitor," a Roman Catholic paper of San Francisco, quoting an exchange which had said "when the churches of California were exempted from taxation the State made a present of \$300,000 a year to the Lord," adds, "It would be more correct to regard the sum in question in the nature of a remitted fine unjustly laid against religion in this State." It is all rubbish to call the tax a fine, for the latter is a penalty, and a tax is made for revenue and should be placed fairly on all alike, the just and the unjust. A tax on a church building is not a tax on religion; it is a tax on the property; and property is not religion, nor is religion property. Inasmuch as protecting a church or making it accessible costs just as much as it does to protect a departmental store or a bakery, it ought to pay its share of the expense. The tax-gatherer has no more right to pass it without making a levy than the Legislature would have to insist that all people take off their hats or their shoes and stockings when they pass it. There is no sanctity in the property itself, and sometimes very little in the people who run it. If there is any sanctity in the property, what are we to think of those religious bodies who let churches and places of public worship be turned



Arch at Entrance to Queen's Park.



Decorations on Yonge Street.



Arch at Bay and Richmond Streets.

TORONTO'S WELCOME TO HER ROYAL GUESTS.

(Photos by Frederick Lynde.)

thing calculated to have the opposite effect. The Mayor who has read you an address showed at his best; he was elected because the people thought he would look nice in the posture in which you saw him. It is to be hoped he pleased you, for if he failed in that he will have nothing whatever of which to boast at the end of his term of office. The aldermen, too, are not as brave as they look; they are afraid of the street cars, and would climb a tree rather than face the gas company.

The people who lined the streets and hailed your advent with cheers, in spite of the heavy rain, for which I hope you will excuse us, are good samples of our race, and their welcome was spontaneous and sincere. No doubt they pleased you more than anything of a theatrical sort intended to make the city look gay. They are devoted to the Royal house which you represent, and deep in their hearts I believe is an unchangeable allegiance to British institutions. No matter what you may hear about a latent impulse existing in this country to look towards Washington, believe none of it. No man who professes himself politically to prefer the United States to Great Britain could be elected pound-keeper in a sandhill village. I doubt if you ever saw a crowd anywhere morally and physically more healthy and wholesome than the one which welcomed you to this city. The people of Canada are all right, and, as you noticed, know how to behave themselves. Would you just whisper to some of the British officials who come over here to constitute a visible link between this new country and the old one, that the less they attempt to teach us the things we think we know, the more popular they will be. Our militia dislike to be browbeaten by an officer appointed in Downing street, and somehow we feel better if the Governor-General from the other side of the Atlantic does not insist upon inserting his thumb into the political pies which are prepared for purely Canadian consumption at Ottawa.

The sample of Canadian soldiers presented to you on the Exhibition grounds is as good as we have, and we think they are all right. They do not make their living by carrying guns, and if their usual avocations have left some traces on their deportment, it is all the more to their credit that so much of what they attempted was so well done. All of them belong to the militia at a sacrifice to themselves, and I think you will agree that both officers and men are a sturdy lot who would make a good record in a hard fight.

You must have noticed the ladies, who were all so anxious to see you. We consider that we have the very finest-looking women on earth here in Toronto, and their charming faces, splendid figures and tasty dresses must have done much to neutralize the gaudiness of the tinsel part of the show, even though there were so many water-proofs and umbrellas to obscure their charms during the procession.

Last, but not least, I hope you noticed our school children, a few thousand of whom sang for your benefit on your

waters; but they did not submit "meekly" when the arbitrators to whom the question was submitted required them to pay some \$8,500,000 to this country as damages. They "submitted meekly" while the Fenian raiders gathered and drilled on "American" soil for an invasion of this, a friendly neighbor. They "submitted meekly" when, after bearing false witness before the Geneva Board of Arbitration, they got so many millions of dollars damages out of their "Alabamas" claims that they now have on hand, it is said, several millions of dollars for which no claimant has appeared, which sum can therefore be considered as being in excess of the amount to which they were rightfully entitled; but they would not "meekly submit," however, if a demand were made that this sum be repaid to Great Britain, from whom it was filched.

At every important re-surveying of the boundary between the Dominion and the Republic, Canada has invariably obtained the best of it, because it is the habit of the people on the other side of the line to seize everything loose and keep it until the case against them is so strong that even such "tail-twisters" as the "Post" could no longer deny the justice of our case. When the Canadian vessels were apprehended for "preying" on the seal fisheries, who was it that had to pay large damages? Was it not the United States? With regard to the Alaskan boundary there is certainly a disagreement, and as usual the United States, without proof and while the survey is still being made, claims everything in dispute, but refuses to submit the matter to arbitration. This refusal to submit it to an international board of arbitrators shows no "meekness," but an indefensible hoggishness and that disregard of a just tribunal which is so characteristic of the people for whom the "Post" speaks.

After speaking with pride of the period during which the United States tried to bluff Great Britain and Canada, the "Post" mournfully continues to prod the new President into a still more anti-British attitude. Hear the wail of the yellow wolf beneath the windows of the White House: "The Canadian pirate once more plies his trade in Pribilof waters. The Alaskan modus vivendi still permits the British flag to wave over United States property and British officials to govern United States citizens. Our State Department persists in arranging treaties with England touching a matter in which England has no rightful voice."

Sad, isn't it, to see the regret of such papers as the "Post" that the American Eagle does not see fit to snatch out the eyeballs of its largest customer and best friend, Great Britain?

THE death of Mr. N. Clarke Wallace, M.P., robs the Conservative party of its ablest, most honest and most diligent supporter in the Province of Ontario, if not in the whole Dominion. I speak advisedly in making this statement, for while he may not have possessed greater ability than any other, nor greater honesty, he was more diligent than any of his colleagues, and certainly possessed

Judge Davidson of the King's Bench, Lieutenant-Colonel A. Roy, commanding Districts 5 and 6 of the militia of Canada, and the following among other prominent business men of the Dominion: Mr. T. G. Shaughnessy, President Canadian Pacific Railway Company; Mr. G. B. Reeve, Second Vice-President and General Manager Grand Trunk Railway; Mr. G. H. Balfour, Chairman Bankers' Section Board of Trade; Mr. John McKergow, ex-President Montreal Board of Trade; Mr. D. McNicoll, Second Vice-President and General Manager Canadian Pacific Railway Company; Mr. Mark Hay, then General Manager Grand Trunk Railway Company; Mr. C. Drinkwater, Secretary Canadian Pacific Railway Company; Mr. B. Tooke, Grand Master of Masons, Quebec; Mr. James Crathern, President Montreal General Hospital; Mr. Henry Miles, President Montreal Board of Trade; Mr. Charles R. Hosmer, Director Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

The list quoted above is a fine one, and to it he adds a letter from the Duke of Argyll (formerly Governor-General of Canada), and says: "And other names I might mention are those of the Earl of Aberdeen, an ex-Governor-General; Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, Lord High Commissioner for Canada; Lord Kinnaird, Sir Albert K. Rolit, M.P., Mr. J. H. Matthews, of Messrs. Grindlay & Co., bankers; Mr. H. A. Harvey, Manager Bank of British North America, and Mr. F. A. Bevan."

It would seem that Rev. Canon Dixon has been busier in Canada canvassing for the names of political and commercial magnates as his supporters, than in looking for the money he needed. If instead of being satisfied with letters of recommendation he had struggled to get these prominent and wealthy gentlemen to pay what to them would have been the trivial sum of £3,500, he and his church would have been put in the position by him of a country which cannot pay for the preaching of the Gospel to its own people. I publish the list in order to show how much more ready our prominent men are to endorse begging letters than to generously give up their own coin. Like signing a petition, men entirely unacquainted with the merits of the case are ready to give a clergyman credentials to help him on a begging expedition, for in this way they think they have done their share. Some of these letters, moreover, are apt to damage Canada in the estimation of the British people. For instance, take the one from the Duke of Argyll, in which he says to Canon Dixon, "I fully sympathize with you in your effort to get some help in the Old Country for her isolated sons and daughters in Canada." Though he speaks of the Province of Quebec, the majority of people seeing this letter would think that English settlers are all so widely scattered that they are living in isolation and hardship. In a large city like Montreal there is no such thing as being religiously or otherwise isolated, except one goes into an isolation hospital.

This begging either for fire sufferers, patriotic funds, religious objects or educational schemes, is a bad busi-

into theaters or factories, as they have been before now in this very city?

The "tax dodger" is one of the most selfish, dangerous and difficult people with whom a municipality or country has to deal. Unfortunately for the cause of religion, the churches themselves are among the chief "tax dodgers," and thus set a bad example to wealthy men, capitalists, real estate owners, manufacturers, merchants, and others who are quite able to pay. Some of those who set the teeth of the poor on edge by paying so small a share of the general taxes, are wealthy men and the pillars of exempted churches. It is this sort of thing that breeds the anarchist, the socialist, the smuggler, and the deadbeat. Those who see the rich and the so-called religious avoiding their just share of taxation are encouraged to believe that law was made to keep politicians in places and capitalists in power. That churches do a good work is not to be denied, but that is no reason why they should be exempted from taxation. A newspaper may do a good work and yet may be taxed until it is tired. Railroads do a good and necessary work; so do telegraph lines; so do grocery stores and shoemaker shops, but people pay for what they get, and these absolutely necessary institutions have to pay taxes. Those who get the benefit of churches necessarily have to pay for what they get, and the church property should be taxed so as to equalize the burdens of all citizens. The only way we can get an equality of taxation is by taxing everything alike. The five hundred people who meet in a two thousand dollar church should not be taxed as much for their meeting-place as the five hundred people who meet in a hundred thousand dollar church and perhaps have to go to the Old Country to beg for money to pay their mortgage. Those who worship in the simplest and most inexpensive manner do as much good and are nearer to the apostolic idea than those who attend splendid edifices, sit on soft cushions, listen to expensive preaching, and delight in the music of a costly organ and a high-priced choir. In this way those with simple tastes must pay for extravagance, for probably the five hundred in the simple church pay as much or more in general taxes as the five hundred who sit in the church which costs fifty times as much, yet the unpretentious are taxed by means of exemptions for a portion of the luxuries of the pretentious.

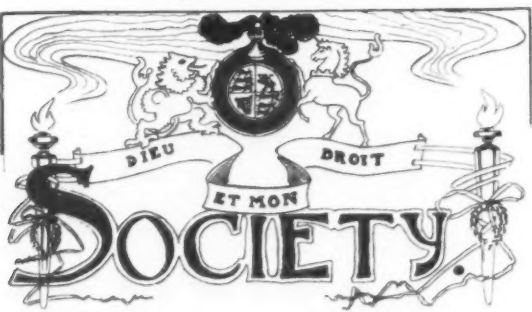
THE "World" may be right in commending the "able" management of the Toronto Street Railway Company, but the editorial in which this was done read like an advertisement intended to boom the stock of the company flattered. No doubt the whole business of quicker cars and fewer of them was intended to give the stock a "boost," but in the end it will be a failure, for Toronto was never so incensed against the street railway as it is now. The management may be good, but unless the railway company has discovered that it is entirely independent of the Board of Control, the aldermen and the City Engineer, the latest move to cut down expenses and worry the public must end

in disaster. The change was ill-advised. As an experiment it has been a failure; as something to stir up a persistent and furious opposition it has been a success. Toronto cannot be bullied always, and this time it cannot be conciliated without radical reforms being made which will probably exceed anything previously demanded.

THE Department of Trade and Commerce at Ottawa has been officially notified that the favored nation treatment which has been extended by Germany to the products of the United Kingdom, British colonies and foreign possessions, has been refused to Canada. As this country takes from Germany every year vastly more in value of manufactured goods than Germany takes from us in our natural products and goods combined, it will be easy for the Government at Ottawa to make reprisals which will awaken some of the manufacturers in the "Fatherland." If it be true that manufacturers partially finished in Germany and completed in Great Britain are permitted to enjoy the preferential tariff when they come to Canada, a stop should be put to such a proceeding at once. If any goods coming from Great Britain to Canada represent even the smallest possible handwork of the German manufacturers, they should be refused preferential treatment, even though nine-tenths of the work represents British labor. The millions of dollars' worth of goods made in Germany which come to Canada can easily be classified and the tariff so arranged as to give them a mighty hard jolt. Even if we are losing but little, as Germany in the past took little but grain and our crude products, yet we must keep our self-respect by letting Germany know that two countries at least can play at the game of being commercially selfish. Germany hurts herself by excluding such of our products as her people need for food; we would not hurt ourselves at all if we excluded everything which comes to us from Germany.

THE old saying that no one can guess the result of a horse race or the verdict of a petty jury, is well borne out by the reported proceedings which concluded for the present the Sifton murder trial. Of course one cannot place absolute faith in the newspaper reports, but it is said that at the close of the prosecuting counsel's address the poll stood ten to two for acquittal. After the judge addressed the jury—and everybody, including the Crown's lawyers, thought that his lordship slightly favored the prisoner—a poll was taken which was eight to four for conviction. Later on, after the jury had thrashed the thing out, there were three who favored acquittal and three who stubbornly demanded conviction. The other six are said to have permitted their opinions to wobble, and consequently they shifted about from one side to the other, the last poll resulting in eight for conviction and four for acquittal. As no new light was given to the jurors after they were locked up, it is puzzling to know how in such an important matter as hanging a man there should have been so much veering about of the jury. Probably some of them were anxious to get home and others had no really settled opinion. On the whole, the incident, instead of proving that trial by jury is a great safeguard, seems to indicate that it is a mighty fine thing to keep either one's life or property as far away from the average jury as possible. However, as nothing suggests itself as superior to the jury system, we ought to be well satisfied that amidst so much vacillation the jury did the best thing possible, and that was—nothing.

IF the multiplication of holidays continues much further, the publishers of calendars in Canada may find themselves "up against" a red-ink famine. Let the present rate be maintained and the black numerals will soon have the prominence by contrast that the "red letter" dates have hitherto enjoyed. Like the Church, which ran out of days for the saints and had to bunch all the third and fourth-raters together on one day, the Government may find it necessary to set apart a holiday for the observance and commemoration of everything not now observed or commemorated. In the meantime it might simplify matters if a proclamation were issued defining what days are not now holidays or not likely to become holidays in the immediate future. The King's Birthday is the latest addition to the list of occasions upon which the command to man to labor is declared to be not in force. As it falls on the 9th of November and will come close before Thanksgiving day, which in its turn will be followed very shortly by Christmas and New Year's, it is evident that somebody at the top considers we have been working harder in the past than was good for our health. Nobody would wish to withhold any mark of respect from His Majesty, yet it should be remembered that in England the monarch's birthday is not observed as a general holiday, neither has the late Queen's birthday been set apart there for perpetual observance, as has been done in Canada. The 9th of November is not likely to be a very enjoyable holiday in this country. We usually get some of the very worst weather in the whole year about that time. There is not the slightest doubt that the majority of employers, and nearly all employees who do not receive a day's pay without giving a day's toil, think that the holiday business is being pushed a little too far.



A grey morning was Thursday's, and hearts all aglow with loyal excitement sank as one looked at the lowering skies. There was so much open-air work that fine weather would have meant more than usual. The city had been up all night, so to speak, gazing at its bunting and shields and standards and strings of paper ruschings and "barrels of fun," and buoying itself up with hopeful predictions, quite like youngsters with a picnic on the tapis. The weather man's doubtful words were flouted, and he was ignored or reviled. Rain could never be mean enough to draggle our pretty gauds and sprinkle Royalty! So we journeyed from glory to glory, Grecian glory of grey old Osgoode, Norman points of Legislative pile in the Park, blazing glory of gas company, and threaded pearls of light on bank and mart. Some of us looked a few moments at our Alexandra gates and admired their decorations of green and pictured to ourselves the tragedy of mud and water if the clouds fell during the morning. Government House was all ablaze with electricity, and like the New Jerusalem, King and Yonge and Toronto streets didn't care where the moon kept herself. There was no night there, and if one forgot the glow of the million lights and turned in to sleep there were small boys, who never grow weary, with horns and trumpets and squawking, and students chorusing, and Tommies chanting convulsively, and cabfobs of ladies and gentlemen "running about the town a bit," and uncertain parties making braiding patterns of their way home, and anon waking the echoes with weird shouts and soliloquies. The Royalties had not come, but the royal good time had by bedtime on Wednesday night. When the train did come rushing down the line at North Toronto on Thursday afternoon, the advance enthusiasm had gotten in its work and Toronto was simply effervescing with loyalty and hurrah. The children sang songs and the people cheered as the Royal party debarked and got into their carriages. The Governor-General's train, as per order, was half an hour in advance, and both Lord and Lady Minto looked very well indeed and undisturbed by climatic vagaries. All

the way down St. George street came the party, and there were many glances of approval from observant eyes at the graceful and complete decorations of Llawhaden, a fence of arches of green, strewn with electric bulbs. The Royal escort clattered along with much empressment, and the route was only broken by the promised pause at Avenue road and Bloor street, for the formal opening of the gates by Her Royal Highness. The double gates of green were guarded by the Misses Scadding and Betty Greene, granddaughter of Mrs. Arthur's Ravenswood, who handed white ribbons to the Royal lady to swing them open, when Miss Phyllis Nordheimer came out with a bouquet for the Duchess. Then the route was resumed along Bloor and down Jarvis streets, and, as arranged, to the City Hall, where an invited company, the guests of the Mayor and Council, were assembled.

The downpour of rain which so generously besprinkled the chorus (long life to them!) and the patiently waiting classes and masses before the City Hall on Thursday, was broken for one moment just as the Royal party hove in sight. The clouds parted, a pale round object appeared more like an underdone pie than the sun, a sickly light was shed upon the scene, the mob cheered the attempt and the pale sun collapsed behind the watery curtain once more. The chorus kept up their spirits wonderfully. Once the band played an Irish jig and all the wet black umbrellas began to jig in time. It was the funniest sight, viewed from the Mayor's windows, where a party sat snugly, preferring a dry perch to the propinquity of Royalty. The Minto carriage with the Governor-General, Lady Minto and Mr. Guise arrived first. Then with much slipping and one fall the cavalry swung round the corner, the staff sat tight, and even the General turned most cautiously, for rails and asphalt were veritable traps. When the Royal party arrived in a coach of quaint design from England, the out-riders first, and then four horses ridden by postillions, the crowd waked up to cheer. The chorus sang God Save the King, the Duchess came up the walk in a vast hurry, emerging from a forest of roses and green, the bouquets presented at the North End. The Duke followed, but the nimble Duchess made such haste that she fairly skipped up the steps amid the laughing cheers of the multitude. There was a tough crowd about the Bay street corners, and several small figures scared respectable but helpless folk (wedged in unawares) nearly out of their lives. Sticks were to be seen descending on heads, and once the ambulance stretcher was trotted out, but was not really put into service.

The Mayor and Mrs. Merritt received a few friends in the office and conducted them to the entrance to welcome the Royal guests. Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout and their little ones occupied a window in the Mayor's office, and Mrs. Grant, Miss Macpherson and Mrs. Leslie of Kingston, Mr. Goulding, Mrs. Garratt, Messrs. Duff Miller and Macpherson another.

After the reception the Duke and Duchess drove to Government House, where the beautiful gift of the women of Toronto was presented. The Duchess has been following her plan of saying pretty and hearty things, and her words are passed about with loyal pleasure. Miss Mowat was asked to present the gift, and a very gracious act of the Princess at the City Hall reception was to invite the Daughters of the Empire to come up out of the wet and stand near her. Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Lund and Mrs. Strath were among those so favored. The only contretemps of the reception at the City Hall was the duet between the Mayor and the chorus, which latter lusty body of singers started off on a selection just as the Mayor began to read the address. The prettiest episode was the presentation of a perfectly stunning bouquet of orchids and maiden-hair ferns in a sumptuous gold and pearl-studded bouquet-holder, by the daughter of the chairman of the Reception Committee, pretty Miss Evelyn Cox.

On Wednesday, after the review rehearsal, Mrs. Buchanan had a few friends for tea. Mrs. Grant of Kingston, whose husband has quite blossomed out as an officer of artillery, was one of the brightest guests. She is a member of a delightful trio, Mrs. Leslie, one of the prettiest and most charming of Kingstonsians, and Miss Macpherson of Kingston, a very bright and clever lady. They are all stopping at the Queen's. Hon. Mr. Blair brought up a small party in his car, Miss Blair, Mr. Charles Duff Miller, and Mr. Macpherson of Montreal. Hon. Mr. Fielding and his pretty daughter also came up. The Queen's has been rather a jolly place during the Royal visit. General and Mrs. O'Grady-Haly were at the Queen's also. By the way, everyone wants to know why the G.O.C. was quite left out of the Thursday night dinner?

Various functions have been the result of the visits of His Majesty's sailor sons to Toronto during the past fortnight. On Friday last Colonel and Mrs. Denison of Heydon Villa gave a very charming tea in honor of their brother, Captain John Denison, at which most of the guests were of the family connection. Mrs. Denison received and the guest of honor was warmly greeted by friends and relatives. Tea was prettily set at the east end of the drawing-room, which is of such noble proportions that it is never over-crowded, and the Misses Dora and Jessie Denison, nieces of the hostess, presided at the tea table. The graceful little daughter of the house, Miss Clara Denison, was very pretty and dainty in a white frock, though not looking so rosy after her illness this summer as one could wish. On Monday evening Colonel and Mrs. Denison gave a dinner party in their guest's honor, which was a very smart affair.

Of all the interesting and charming functions which have brightened Benvenuto since the coming thereto of the Mackenzie family, there has been none more delightful than the marriage festivities of Mr. and Mrs. Scott Griffin, who, after their private wedding ceremony, witnessed by their family circle and two or three of the bride's most favored girl friends, held a reception at the residence aforesaid. The ceremony was performed in the sacristy of St. Basil's Church at two o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. Father Brennan was the officiating priest. After the marriage the bridal party drove up to Benvenuto and by twos and threes and dozens their friends arrived to find them and shower hearty congratulations and good wishes. The bride and groom received in the drawing-room, where roses and many exquisite decorations and greenery were arranged. The bride gown was of the richest white satin, en train, with scarves of chiffon caught with orange blossoms, and ondulose chiffon flounce pleated and edged with a tiny ruffle. On the bodice, which was slashed over chiffon and finished with seed pearls, was a gift from Mrs. Mackenzie of exceedingly fine old lace. The transparent guimpe and sleeves were also finished with bands of satin richly set with tiny jewels and a spray of orange blossoms were worn, and the bridal bouquet was of roses and lily of the valley with maiden-hair. The bridesmaids were the four younger sisters of the bride, Misses Ethel and Bertha, recent debutantes; and the pets of the household, Katie and Gracie, all in dainty white gowns of finest mousseline with silk embroidery and lace, the two elder with modish black picture hats, the younger sisters in white hats, and a smart touch of color in bouquets of Meteor roses. To each the bridegroom gave a dainty monogram pin of chased gold, with the initials "M. G." entwined. Mr. Beardmore of Chudleigh was best man. Quite a little party of old friends came down from London for the marriage reception. Mr. Harris, uncle of the groom, was much welcomed by some old friends. He is indeed a gentleman of the old school, and entered thoroughly into the spirit of happiness which prevailed. Mr. and Mrs. Smallman, Miss Smallman, Mr. and Mrs. Smallman, jr., were noticeably a stunningly smart little group from London. The ladies were quite the most sumptuously gowned and were very much admired. Mrs. Mackenzie wore her favorite shade of heliotrope, a very simple and beautiful

gown of crepe lightly decorated with seed pearls and some rare lace. Mrs. Merry, her sister, wore a pretty bisque gown and hat, touched with black. Miss Williams was all in pink mousseline, with hat of pink and roses. Mrs. Alec Mackenzie looked lovely in one of her smartest gowns, all delicate tones of ecru and pink, and with Spanish flounce skirt. Her chapeau was of bisque fancy braid, with dull pink roses. Mrs. Arthur Grantham wore a very pretty crepe gown. After the reception, Mr. and Mrs. Griffin went to the dining-room, where a beautifully decorated buffet, done in white roses and lily of the valley, and centered by the wedding cake, was loaded with all the dainties. The golden wine was soon sparkling in scores of glasses, which were drained to the health of the bride and groom, who looked the picture of happiness. Mrs. Griffin's fine face never looked so sweet as when, laughing, she paused at the turn of the wide stairway to toss her bouquet to the party of merry girls who crowded with outstretched hands below. It was caught by a tall young sister, and the musicians played "Just One Girl" as the shouts of laughter filled the perfumed air. Showered with rice, the young couple presently fled down the stair to their carriage, and, followed by the young people of the bridal party, they drove away to catch the afternoon train for a sojourn at Mr. Mackenzie's country residence. The bride wore a very dainty cloth gown of fawnish grey applied in a scroll design with lighter silk and a quiet hat to match. After their departure a little family coterie and one or two intimate friends supped at Benvenuto, and a theater party at the Princess was given by Mr. Rod Mackenzie and Mr. Alec Mackenzie for the young folks. A very sweet little lady at this marriage was Mrs. Griffin, mother of the groom, and it was with peculiar heartiness her friends gathered about her at the leaving-taking, knowing how close and beautiful has been the devotion of her son to her all his life. The gathering was one of the most complete. The broad-shouldered eldest son, who has developed into a splendid man, came down from his home in the North-West to attend the nuptials. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grantham were here from New York. Mr. and Mrs. Alec Mackenzie and Mrs. Alec's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland, were among the family party. Mr. Griffin of Ottawa, cousin of the groom, was also a guest. Mr. Joe Mackenzie, youngest of the sons, was also down from Winnipeg. Mr. and Mrs. Horn Payne, who visited here during the past season, were again welcome. Everyone missed Mrs. Mann, who is at Edmonton with her sister, Mrs. Crosswhite, but Mr. Mann was one of the jolliest of the company. The very splendid array of gifts was arranged on a huge table in the billiard-room, and on several smaller tables. A number of very handsome presents came from very long distant friends, among which I noticed a beautiful silver tray from Hon. J. D. Cameron of Winnipeg, and a breakfast egg set from Dr. Macdonell of the same city. Mrs. Allan of Moss Park, one of the bride's oldest friends, sent an exquisite vase, a spode sauce-boat, and some quaint silver snuffers and tray. Mr. Beardmore gave a sumptuous set of silver and pearl dessert cutlery in a fine case. Mrs. Reeves' gift was a very pretty crystal smelling-bottle set richly in silver. Mrs. Griffin gave her daughter-in-law a gold and turquoise bracelet. Mr. Mackenzie's gift recalled his present to his son's bride—it was a lovely pearl necklace. Mr. Mann's gift was a set of bouillon cups in rare china on silver stands, a splendid present. Mrs. Grace gave the bride a lovely gold and jeweled clock. Exquisite vases, rich silver, sparkling cut glass, gifts from the bachelor friends of the groom, recalling good comradeship, and dainty presents from the many girl friends of the bride—a pretty crystal and silver cologne bottle from Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, side by side with a daintily worked handkerchief-sachet from the domestics of the house, every sort of lovely thing and quaint conceit of gift-giving was admired by those who are able critics of cadeaux des noces. Mr. and Mrs. Griffin's plans are not at all decided, and no certainty of their widely reported residence in Winnipeg is announced. One of the late notions is a trip to Europe, but that may give way to something more attractive at this season. Among out-of-town guests at their reception was Mrs. Keeble Merritt, as jolly and happy as when she was the center of fun and merry-making in Toronto. Mrs. Merritt wore a dove grey gown of crepe de chine and a picture hat, and avows herself delighted to be here again, as all her friends are to have her. Lady Kirkpatrick looked a queen in a rich black gown and huge white chiffon ruff. Mrs. Osborne of Clover Hill was simply gowned in mauve cashmere en princess, and a broad-brimmed hat, "tres a la mode." Mrs. J. K. Kerr wore a very smart gown of black "nett paillette" over white. Two young girl friends who will miss the bride are Miss Helen Macdonald of Simcoe street and Miss Helen Cattanaach, both being warmly attached to her and her constant companions. One of the loveliest among an unusually handsome company of women was Mrs. George Evans, in a pale grey gown and hat. A few other guests at the reception were Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, Mr. and Mrs. Remy Elmsley, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Houston, Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Mr. J. E. Mrs. and Miss Thompson, the Misses Dravton, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Lukes and Miss Evelyn Lukes, the Misses Boulton, the Misses Langmuir, Mr. Kelly Evans, Miss Beardmore, Mr. Alfred Beardmore, Miss Louie Jones, Mr. Kerr Osborne, Mr. Henry Osborne, Miss Jessie Rowand, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Mrs. Charles Kinesmill, Mr. Willie Beardmore, Mrs. Becher of Sylvan Tower and Miss Macklem, Mrs. Clinch, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Mr. Douglas Young, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie of Parkdale, Dr. Herbert Bruce, Miss Helen Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Walter Barwick, Miss Barwick, Mrs. G. S. Ryerson, Mrs. and Miss Lola Henderson, Mrs. Vincent Greene, Dr. A. A. Macdonald, Lady Meredith, Mr. Justice MacMahon and Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Burns, the Misses Thompson of Derwent Lodge, Dr. and Mrs. James Thorburn, jr., Mrs. McCulloch, Mr. and Mrs. W. Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Bristol, Mr. Turner, Mr. Gordon Clark.

There is only one hostess at Stanley Barracks this season, Mrs. Lawrence Buchanan. Colonel and Mrs. Buchanan are in the quarters so long a happy rendezvous of Colonel and Mrs. Otter's friends, and have somewhat changed them about a bit. The other "married quarters," where jolly Colonel Young formerly resided, are now given up to attached officers. Mrs. Buchanan has decided upon another change, which will need to be carefully noted, as the Saturday afternoon call at Stanley Barracks has been in vogue for ages. The colonel's wife and daughter will receive on Thursdays instead of on Saturdays. Thursday is getting in its turn to be an over-burdened day, and from Government House out to West Parkdale and running up to Bloor west of Spadina, is a pretty far circuit for the careful call-maker!

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What Did Leander Love?

Lady Russell, in her volume "Swallowfield and Its Owners," points out that in 1820 the Berkshire estate came into the hands of Sir Henry Russell, who had been a friend of Dr. Johnson. It was at Russell's table that one day the doctor maintained that "no man loved labor; no man would work if he could help it." Reynolds objected, and gave Pope for instance. But Pope's inspiration, said the doctor, "was the love of fame, and not the love of labor. Leander swam the Hellespont, but that doesn't prove that he loved swimming."



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Social and Personal.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. George A. Case gave a coming-out tea for her only daughter, Miss Essie Case, at which a large and smart party of ladies assembled. Mrs. and Miss Case greeted the guests, most of whom were intimate friends, at the entrance to the drawing-room, which with the pretty music-room and square hall makes a most convenient reception suite. The hostess was all in dove-gray, a soft, exquisite clinging gown, with Persian embroidery, bolero and collar, very chic and dainty. Miss Case wore the ideal debutante frock of glistening mousseline de sole, guilpe and sleeve tucked, and exquisite silk embroidery and Maltese lace as trimmings. Her bouquet was of huge white asters. In the dining-room across the hall was a table done in palest green and white, and centered by a graceful jardiniere basket full of white flowers, the basket made of shirred white tulle, deftly put together by the clever hostess herself. Miss "Chip" Blackburn of Glenoe, in a handsome heliotrope silk, with white lace; dainty little Miss Daisy Boulton, Miss Ruby Ramsay of Montreal and the Misses Clarkson Jones had charge of the refreshment table, where all sorts of good things were set. Mrs. Alec Cartwright was here, there and everywhere, helping the young folks to look after the guests, among whom I noticed Mrs. Sweatman, Miss Sweetman, Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. Grayson Smith, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. W. and Miss Davidson, Mrs. and Miss James, Mrs. G. P. Reid, Mrs. Francis, Mrs. Harley Roberts, in a lovely pale blue mousseline, embroidered with black lace, and picture hat; Mrs. and Miss Cross, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Miss Athol Boulton, Miss Gladys Nordheimer, Miss Florence McArthur, the Misses Constance Rudyard Boulton and A. Boulton, Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Mrs. Gordon Oeler, and a very bright coterie of girl-friends of the debutante, who is one of the most popular girls in town.

Mr. George Bruenech has arranged an exhibition of his pictures at Winnipeg, and has, I believe, left for the North-West this week. Winnipeg has achieved quite an enviable reputation for taste in taking possession of some of Toronto's most prized personalities, a \$1 most likely the taste of the Prairie City will be again shown in the reception which Mr. Bruenech's beautiful pictures will be accorded.

Mrs. Arthur B. Sanderson (nee Dick) will hold her first reception since her marriage on Wednesday afternoon at evening, October 16, at 54 Bond street. Afterwards the bride will receive on the second and fourth Thursdays of the month.

Mrs. William J. Fraser (nee Howe) will hold her post-nuptial receptions at her home, 32 Howard street, on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons and Wednesday evening, October 15 and 16.

Mrs. Macdonald of Cona Lodge gave one of her delightful drawing-room teas on Tuesday afternoon, in honor of Mrs. King, who is visiting her, and the Misses Stimson, who are in town for the Royal visit. As usual, the guests were limited in number and choice in selection, and enjoyed comfortably a pleasant chat and something nice to eat and drink, served by the daughter at the house and the much-cherished daughter-in-law, sweet Mrs. D. Bruce Macdonald, of Chestnut Park. About a score of ladies were at this very enjoyable reunion.

Quite a crowd assembled at the station to say "au revoir" to Mr. Gowan Gillmor of the Bank of Hamilton, who left for San Juan del Rio, Mexico, to spend the winter, where his many friends hope he will regain his health.

Dr. and Mrs. Ham have removed from Church street, and have taken up their residence at 561 Jarvis street, where Mrs. Ham will receive on Mondays this winter.

By invitation of Fra Elbertus, Mr. E. S. Williamson will at an early date present his illustrated talk, An Evening With Dickens, before the Roycrofters at East Aurora.

On Friday of last week Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. George Grey gave a tea at 59 Isabella street in honor of Mrs. Lee of New York, sister of the former and aunt of the latter hostess. As usual when the artistic hospitality of this clever mother and daughter is enjoyed, the affair was very nicely arranged and pleasant in the extreme. Mrs. Lee is always welcome in Toronto, and is a very charming woman. Quite a number of guests enjoyed a little chat with her through the kind hospitality of Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Grey.

Miss Nina Strachan, youngest daughter of the late Mr. D. C. Strachan of H. M. Customs, and Dr. William J. Clark of Orangeville were married on Wednesday, September 25, by Rev. Dr. Ure, assisted by Rev. James Anderson. The pulpit of Knox Church and steps leading thereto were banked with palms, asters and begonias in bloom, with asters in the chandeliers on the reading-desk. The chandeliers were entwined with the vine. Precisely at 1:45 p.m. the organ rolled out Lohengrin's Bridal March, while the bride entered the church with her uncle, Mr. James Shephard, wearing a tailor-made gown of Oxford gray, stitched with black taffeta, white tucked taffeta blouse. Gainsborough hat of black felt, on which a white seagull was conspicuous. She carried a large muff of magnificent white fox (dispensing with tailor-made coat and ruff for the bridal ceremony), the gift of her uncle, Mr. James Shephard, who gave her away. While the clergymen and bridal party were in the vestry, Miss Eva Acheson, in pretty costume of sap green silk, with bunch of monthly roses at her corsage, sang "Perfect Love," which was quite a treat. Mr. Henri Jordan, as the bridal party marched out to the carriages and the large gathering of friends dispersed, played Mendelssohn's Wedding March. The bride is a sister of Mrs. (Dr.) Hooper, 659 Bathurst street.

On Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedyth gave a dinner in honor of Captain John Denison

of H.M.S. Niobe, which was remarkably pretty. The table was decorated with exquisite mauve orchids, maiden-hair ferns and sunset roses. The guests included Colonel and Mrs. Denison of Heydon Villa, Mr. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon, Mr. and Mrs. Osler of Craigleigh, Mrs. Keeble Merritt, Dr. and Miss Parkin, Professor Lang, Mr. Ernest Cattnach.

On Sunday Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn received a number of friends for tea after garrison parade. Several guests brought visiting friends, and very much enjoyed an hour with so perfect a hostess. I hear that among others was Mrs. Keeble Merritt, who as Miss Howland formerly lived in the house so much improved and beautified since its purchase by the present resident, Lady Kirkpatrick.

Mrs. Keeble Merritt arrived last week in Toronto to do the honors for His Worship the Mayor during the Royal visit. Mr. Howland is occupying Mr. Willie Goulding's handsome house in St. George street. After the ceremony of conferring a degree on His Royal Highness at Varsity on Friday, Mr. Howland received a distinguished party at his home for tea. His Excellency Lord Minto and Lady Minto accepted the Mayor's invitation; at time of writing I am not informed whether still more exalted guests were graciously present. Mrs. Merritt is heart and soul in her element when entertaining, and His Worship has risen to the social occasion in a manner quite in keeping with his well-known savoir faire. The people of Toronto owe him many thanks for the excellent precedent he has set in this respect, and as a bachelor he has been also much indebted to his sister for her prompt and able assistance.

The address presented to H.R.H. the Duke of Cornwall and York by the United Empire Loyalist Association of Ontario is an extremely beautiful work of art, and has been designed and executed by Mr. E. M. Chadwick of Howland avenue. The covers are of royal purple satin, with the inscription in gold, lined with the richest white moire. The address is beautifully done in old English script, with illuminated symbolic borders, and is altogether a very attractive production and one of which Canadians feel proud.

Mrs. Harold E. Taylor will hold her post-nuptial reception on Friday afternoon, October 18, at her new home, 75 Albany avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Blight have removed from Sorauren avenue, Parkdale, to 25 North street, where Mrs. Blight will receive on the first and third Tuesdays.

Dr. and Mrs. Hewish of Philadelphia have returned home, after visiting Mrs. Hewish's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Baird, of Huron street.

Miss Laila F. Culbertson of Buffalo is visiting Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, in Rosedale.

Miss May Jarvis, who has spent the summer with Mrs. Willie Hope in her beautiful home at St. Andrew's, N.B., and with her brothers in New York and Buffalo, has returned home.

K. P. R. Neville, Ph.D., late of Harvard University, Boston, Mass., and now engaged as lecturer in comparative philology in Illinois State University, has returned to that place, after spending a week with his uncle, Mr. R. W. Neville, North Cottingham street, and Mr. R. S. Neville, Ontario street.

On last Monday a Hamilton wedding of interest to Torontonians was that of Miss Mary Louise Crerar, second daughter of Mr. P. D. Crerar, K.C., County Crown Attorney, and Mr. C. E. Neill, general manager of the Royal Bank of Canada, Vancouver. The ceremony took place in the Central Presbyterian Church at half-past three. Rev. Dr. Lyle officiating. Miss Crerar's wedding-robe was of ivory satin, festooned with chiffon, caught with orange blossoms. The lovely drapery veiling the bodice was her mother's gift of a rare bit of old point lace. A tulle veil and orange blossoms and a shower bouquet of York roses and lily of the valley completed her costume. Four bridesmaids, attended the bride—her sister, Miss Carrie Crerar; Miss Agnes Neill of Fredericton, sister of the groom; Miss Edith Wood, daughter of Hon. Senator Wood of Hamilton, and Miss Marion Fleming, daughter of Dr. Fleming of Chatham. They wore most fetching dresses of white ladies' cloth.

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piped and strapped with white satin, the vests, cuffs and collars of cherry panne velvet, with chiffon inner vests and cravats, in old French style. Three-cornered hats of white cloth and panne velvet with white plumes, and large white muffs with facings of cherry color, were worn, with girdles of white satin. The ushers were Mr. Hillhouse Brown, Mr. T. B. Martin, Mr. J. L. Crounse, Mr. Allan Glasco, Mr. Jack Crerar and Mr. J. Hugo Ross. The church was profusely decorated with palms, ferns, red berries and white ribbons, and the bride and groom had prie-dieu cushions of white satin. For the procession, Mr. Garratt played an original composition and the choir sang during the signing of the register, the waiting for the bride having been also shortened by some fine music. Mr. Tom Crerar was best man, and the groom gave to the maids curb chain bracelets of gold. After the marriage Mr. and Mrs. Crerar received at Merkworth, and Mr. and Mrs. Neill were duly congratulated and well-wished by a brilliant party of guests. After the reception and breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Neill left on their honeymoon, the bride stunningly gowned in a deep blue traveling dress of drap francals, trimmed with medallions and black stitching, white vest, and three-cornered hat of sapphire velvet. Guests invited from Toronto were Judge and Mrs. Mc-

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A very smart military contingent is at the Queen's. General and Mrs. O'Grady-Haley arrived early in the week. One of the General's aides, Mr. Cockburn, of the Suffolk Regiment, is a popular and jolly fellow, who makes lots of friends everywhere.

Mrs. Woodward and her daughters, of Peoria, Ill., are at 74 St. George street for a time before returning home. The Misses Stimson are at Mrs. Duckworth's.

Mrs. Salter Jarvis and her daughter have returned from their summer residence out of town, and are en pension at 159 Bloor street east for the winter.

French.

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124 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

The Ready-Made Suit

For SATURDAY NIGHT.

By C. LANGTON CLARKE.



"Have you bought the clothes, Tom?"
"Yes, Mary."
"And brought the bill with you?"
"Yes, Mary."
"Then let me see it."

Tom Bedson meekly drew a piece of carefully folded paper from his waistcoat pocket, and with a rueful look handed it to the young lady who had been subjecting him to cross-examination. And a very imperious young woman she looked as she leaned back in her chair and regarded the young man opposite with a close scrutiny. Tall and dark, with clear-cut features, a broad, white forehead, and eyes whose steady gaze was at times almost disconcerting, Mary Branksome was a girl in whom any man might feel proud to have awakened an interest. That Tom Bedson should have succeeded in doing so was a constant source of surprise to their mutual friends. The announcement of their engagement was greeted with uplifted eyebrows, and unrestrained speculation as to how long it would last. The two were so different in disposition. Mary Branksome took a serious view of life, while Tom Bedson was notoriously easy-going in a harmless way. His means were moderate but his tastes extravagant. He spent a prodigious amount of money on his clothes, and prided himself on being the best-dressed man in Tolchester.

To Mary this characteristic of her betrothed was a source of anxiety. She would, indeed, at her father's death, but she regarded everything from the point of view of a stringently defined principle, and a tendency to extravagance and unnecessary personal adornment, even with unlimited means at command, was distasteful to her.

"Fourteen dollars and ninety-eight cents," she said, regarding the piece of paper in her hand. "That seems reasonable enough. Do they look respectable?"

"Respectable enough," replied the young man with a dismal laugh. "Too respectable. They are the regular 'Sunday best' style. It's pretty rough on me, you know, Mary."

"It's for your own good, Tom," was the girl's reply. "You are too extravagant, and I want you to show that you can be man enough to curb a serious failing even at the expense of your vanity. It does not seem to me that I am asking such a wonderful sacrifice. Surely to wear a ready-made suit of clothes for three months is not such a direful probation. Think of yourself as my knight, and that suit as the armor in which you are to win me."

"But it's such a confoundingly badly-fitting suit of armor," groaned Tom.

"Really, Tom, you are ridiculous. Either agree now to do as I ask you, or say at once that you do not think that I am worth the effort. I will certainly never marry any man who will not do as much as that for my sake."

Tom hastily disclaimed any idea of a refusal. At the same time he thought dejectedly of the numerous well-cut suits which reposed in his wardrobe, and in fancy saw himself, dressed in reach-me-downs, going wearily along a path beset with the smiles and jeers of his friends.

"Then that's settled," said Mary, briskly, when Tom had made due submission. "You had better wear it for the first time to-morrow at Alma Tresill's wedding."

"Oh, I say, Mary—" Tom protested. "You will wear it," repeated Mary, sternly, "at Alma Tresill's wedding."

"Oh, all right then," replied the young man, a trifle sulkily.

"I shall not be there myself," Mary continued, "but that need not make any difference. Think, Tom, how happy I shall be, knowing that you care for me enough to sacrifice your pride for my sake."

She spoke in a caressing tone so unusual with her, that Tom was at once appeased, and expressed himself as willing to attend the wedding in his flowered dressing-gown if she so desired it.

When the time arrived for Tom Bedson to dress for the Tresill wedding, he fastened the parcel which contained the ready-made suit, and, after regarding the component parts for a few moments with extreme distaste, proceeded to put them on. The fit seemed even worse than when he had inspected himself in the store mirror. The young man who sold them to him had said that it was a most gentlemanly suit. He must have been an ass. No matter what view he took of himself, profile or full-face, a dozen blemishes manifested themselves to his critical eye, and wrinkles appeared where no wrinkles ought to be.

"Oh! hang it all," he muttered. "It's too bad of Mary; I simply can't go looking like this." He divested himself of the suit, and put on the latest creation of his tailor, "just to see the difference." The improvement in his appearance was so great that he began seriously to contemplate the advisability of putting off the evil day.

"Mary won't be there," he argued with himself, "and nobody will be likely afterwards to remember what clothes I wore."

His conscience put up a pretty good fight in behalf of the promise which he had made, but vanity came out victorious, and, having donned a big overcoat, and kicked the offensive ready-made clothes into a cupboard, Tom hurried off to the wedding.

"I have come after all, Tom."

The young man was just entering the cloak-room, and, starting violently, turned to meet the smiling face of his betrothed.

"I am longing to see you in your new clothes," she said. "I will wait for you. Don't be long."

Tom gasped inarticulately and sought refuge in the convenient shelter of the cloak-room. This was a complication for which he had not bargained. What a weak ass he had been. How could he face the look of

cold disapproval in Mary's eyes when she realized that he had failed to keep faith with her? It was quite on the cards that she might see fit to break off the engagement. Anything rather than that.

The room was empty, with the exception of himself and the attendant, and he leaned dismally against a table, undisturbed, as these gloomy reflections passed through his mind. The chances of making his escape undetected, by feigning a sudden indisposition, were weighed, but the idea was dismissed as impracticable. Was there no way out of the difficulty?

His gaze wandered absently to the attendant, who was watching him with some curiosity, and a brilliant idea flashed upon him. The man was something of his own build, a trifle shorter, perhaps, and he was dressed in a suit of black which was respectable enough, if a little shiny in places.

"What is your name?" he asked abruptly.

"Thomas Robinson, sir," was the reply.

"Look here, Thomas," said the embarrassed lover. "I want you to exchange clothes with me."

"I beg your pardon, sir," the other replied, in great astonishment. "Change clothes did you say, sir?"

"Yes, don't stand staring. It's important. Look here. I'll give you five dollars to do it, and after the show we'll change back again, or you can keep my clothes, whichever you prefer. Oh, damn it all, man, hurry up!"

So impetuous was Tom's urging, and so eloquent the five dollar bill which he fluttered, that the attendant, scarcely conscious of his own movements, suffered himself to be led into a hidden corner, where he speedily removed his outer husk.

"Put 'em on!" cried Tom, thrusting a bundle of his own clothes on the man, and rapidly attiring himself in the other's suit. "Quick! before anyone comes!"

The exchange was happily effected without interruption, and Tom hurried out. He caught a fleeting glimpse of his figure in a large mirror, and noticed that fully half an inch of pink sock was visible above his shoe, and that the general impression created by his newly-acquired garments was one of extreme tightness. He was too much relieved, however, at his escape from a most embarrassing position to be greatly concerned about his appearance.

"Good gracious, Tom!" Mary cried, when she caught sight of him. "What a horrible suit. Why, it's not new."

"Not quite new," Tom replied. "It's been a little worn. I thought it better not to get a brand-new suit; they look so beastly, and this is really very good material. Cheap, too," he added. "I thought I might as well do the thing properly while I was about it."

"Your enthusiasm does you great credit, my dear boy," Mary said. "But really, there was no reason that you should make yourself look such a fright."

"It was for your sake, Mary," the young man urged reproachfully. "The girl's face softened. 'You are a dear, good fellow,' she said; 'a true knight. Don't think that I am unappreciative, but really—'"

She stopped as she noticed a stare, and a half grin of surprise, on the faces of a couple who met them. She was not altogether satisfied with the success of her experiment, and had a dim idea that Tom had carried out her instructions to this extravagant extreme in order to punish her. She dismissed the suggestion, however, as ungenerous, and was more than usually tender in her manner in consequence.

Although handicapped by a consciousness of his own ludicrous appearance, Tom was nevertheless happy in the smiles of his betrothed. He even began to give himself credit for genuine self-sacrifice, and to feel that he was to some extent deserving of the encomiums which Mary bestowed upon him. Mr. Branksome, Mary's father, who had been previously apprised of the promise which Tom had given, was not particularly well pleased to be identified with the ill-fitting suit, and suggested an early adjournment, to which the young people readily assented.

"You will come home with us, of course," Mary said to Tom, and the young man, who was longing for an opportunity to get rid of his garments, was obliged to accept the invitation.

"Give me a cigarette," Tom, Mr. Branksome said, as they drove away. Tom felt in his pockets, and suddenly remembered that he had left his case in the suit which the attendant was now wearing.

"I—I'm afraid I haven't got it with me," he stammered.

"Tom without his inevitable cigarette-case!" laughed Mary. "Wonders will never cease! Don't look so disturbed, my dear boy."

Tom's efforts to find his case had disclosed to the keen eye of Mr. Branksome the ends of a couple of cigars protruding from his waistcoat pocket, and he demanded one, delivering at the same time a brief disquisition on the unwisdom of carrying good cigars in such a careless fashion. "There is one thing about you that I can always trust, Tom," he said, "and that is your tobacco. For a young man you are not a bad judge."

Tom slowly produced one of the cigars, of which he had been previously unaware, and handed it to Mr. Branksome. That gentleman regarded it dubiously for a few moments, and then lit it. He took a couple of puffs, which filled the carriage with a most unsavory odor, and then, letting down the window, threw the offending weed into the roadway.

"Good heavens, Tom!" he cried, "how much did you pay for that filth?"

"Five cents," Tom replied, well knowing, with that awful scent in his nose,

trills, that prevarication was out of the question. "I am trying," he added, glancing tenderly at Mary, "to cut down my extravagant habits."

He was rewarded by a tender pressure of the hand. Mr. Branksome only grunted and relapsed into a disgusted silence.

"You don't know how happy you have made me, Tom," Mary said as they sat alone in the drawing-room, Mr. Branksome having retired to the library to smoke the taste of Tom's cigar out of his mouth. "Really, you will get to be quite a thrifty person."

"I seem to be getting on that way," was Tom's disingenuous reply.

"I should think," continued the girl, "that you could live quite easily on six or seven hundred dollars a year."

Tom both looked and expressed his doubts.

"Oh, but I'm sure you could," Mary cried eagerly. "Let us make out a list of your expenses. Give me a piece of paper, quick!"

Tom mechanically put his hand into the breast-pocket of his coat, and produced a paper, which Mary snatched from him.

"This will do well enough," she said, and immediately set to work to cover it with items, and their corresponding amounts.

Tom watched her with a growing uneasiness. He did not like the look of that letter—for a letter it undoubtedly was. The paper was of a florid tint, and there was a fine gilt edge to it. Not at all the kind of paper which people of his class were in the habit of using in their correspondence. He dreaded what might be revealed when the blank space became filled.

Mary continued to scribble, occasionally stopping to bite her pencil and think of some necessary item in a man's expenditure. Gradually the whole of the back of the letter was filled, and Tom gave an involuntary gasp as the girl with a quick movement turned it over to find more space to continue her work. He saw a sudden start of surprise, the red lips droop at the corners with a look of contempt, and an expression of pain and aversion cloud the clear eyes. Then he knew that he was in for it.

The girl's face was very pale as she handed the letter back to him. "I am sorry that I should have read your private correspondence," she said, haughtily.

"I took the letter from her, and his jaw dropped as he read it.

"Dear Tommy Tiddleums—Meet me to-morrow in the same place, and please don't have a skate on this time."

"Your own, 'MOLLIE MULHERN.'"

"Well," said the girl, after a few seconds' silence, which Tom employed in staring at the fatal letter, and wondering in a dazed, hopeless way how he was going to get out of it. "Well, Mr. Bedson—have you nothing to say?"

"Look here, Mary!" he replied appealingly; "this confounded letter isn't mine. I don't know how it got here—upon my soul, I don't. I don't know any Mollie Mulhern; never heard of her in my life."

"You had better expect me to believe that," said the girl coldly.

"But it's true!" cried the young man. "This is a second-hand suit, and I suppose the ass that owned it didn't know any better than to leave his love-letters in the pockets when he sold it."

"Give me the letter," Mary took it and scrutinized it again. "When did you buy the clothes?"

"The day before yesterday," Tom cried, seeing a way out of his trouble. "It's all very simple. The idiot—"

"This letter is dated yesterday," Tom felt very much as if someone had thrown a pail of cold water over him. There was evidently nothing for it but to make a clean breast of the whole deception.

"Look here, Mary," he began. "Miss Branksome, now, if you please; and I have no desire to hear anything about it. Your love affairs do not interest me. No, Mr. Bedson, I will not hear a word. I will see the girl—the address is on the letter—and thoroughly satisfy myself of the truth. Now go at once! Go—or I will ring for a servant!"

Her manner was so commanding, and Tom's head was in such a whirl, that he blindly obeyed her, and rushed home in a state of mind bordering upon lunacy.

That evening and the following morning Tom spent in a state of utter despair. Several times he seized paper and pen with a view to writing a full explanation. Better confess himself a liar than have that other horrible imputation laid upon him. But he forbore. "She is going to see the girl," he thought, "and then she will learn the truth for herself."

The hours dragged wearily, but at last the monotony was broken by the entrance of his landlady, who handed him a letter. There was no mistaking that firm, almost masculine hand, and he tore it hurriedly open. It contained only one line.

"I have learned the truth. Come at once."

"Thank God!" cried the young man, greatly relieved at the thought that he had been spared the necessity of making a most embarrassing explanation. "And now I will go up and abuse myself. I will throw dust on my head and grovel at her feet. She cannot refuse me forgiveness. After all," he added, with the cheerful optimism of a rather shallow nature, "I was driven into it, and she can't help seeing that."

When Tom rang the bell at the Branksomes' front door it was with the look and sensation of a man who is bracing himself for a painful interview with his dentist. He even fancied that the face of the servant who opened the door wore a look of commiseration as he said: "Miss Branksome will see you in the library, sir."

"She is going to be a dashed unpleasant half-hour," he said to himself as he was ushered in.

The girl was standing by the writing-table when he entered, and Tom was chilled by her relentless expression. She motioned him silently to a seat and, dropping into a chair, leaned her elbow on the table, and regarded him for a full minute with a sombre but penetrating gaze. Tom's attitude and countenance evidenced the most abject penitence, as he waited for the storm to break.

"I have learned the whole truth," Mary said at last.

"I am glad of it," was Tom's eager reply. "You don't know what a burden it has been. Will you—can you—forgive me my little deceit?"

"Forgive you your little deceit?" The girl regarded the penitent with unbounded astonishment. "Your little deceit, you say? Do you not understand that I have seen this Miss Mulhern?"

"Well," said Tom, "after all, there was not so much harm in it. Most girls would look on it as a sort of joke."

"A joke!" Mary cried. "A joke! that I should have consented to marry you!—and that you should afterwards have engaged yourself to another girl—to this Miss Mulhern!"

"What?" Tom almost shouted, in his indignation. "Engaged to—? Come, Mary, you must be crazy. I never saw the woman in my life."

"Oh, Tom—Tom—" Mary cried, in deep distress. "Why will you persist in lying to me? Why have you humiliated me?"

Tom's indignation was getting the better of his penitence.

"I tell you," he said, "that I know nothing of the woman. What infernal mischief-maker has been telling you that I am engaged to her?"

"She told me so herself."

"This was such a staggerer that Tom gasped in bewilderment."

"She's a—" he was beginning, when Mary raised her hand.

"More than that," she continued, slowly, "she showed me a card-case which you had given her. It was lying on the table in her room; I have brought it with me."

With these words the girl took something from the drawer of the writing-table and held it out for Tom's inspection.

It was his own cigarette-case, with his initials embossed in silver.

"Our interview was a short one," Mary continued, as Tom remained speechless. "She said that she knew her little of you; that you had made her acquaintance in a very informal manner a fortnight ago, and that you had represented yourself as a Mr. Robinson. There was a tone of deep disgust in Mary's voice as she pronounced the supposed alias. 'She also mentioned that last night, after you had left me—oh! Tom—Tom—you told her that you had been at the Tresills wedding. I—I did not think it necessary to mention that we had been engaged, and so I did not wish to refer to it when you see her again.'"

The young man's head was a chaos of conflicting emotions. "That cigarette-case—" he began, in a choking voice.

"Why deceive me more?" the girl said, almost appealingly. "You remember how troubled you looked when father asked you for a cigarette yesterday?"

The reason is apparent enough now. You had better go now, Mr. Bedson—go, and make your peace with Miss Mulhern. But oh! Tom—and there was a pathetic little catch in the cold voice—"I do not think that she is a nice girl."

Then Tom broke out. In an almost incoherent torrent of words he told the story of his temptation and his fall from the paths of truthfulness. He bestowed many hearty maledictions on himself and Mr. Robinson, and incidentally on Miss Mulhern, and wound up with a passionate appeal for forgiveness.

"Mary watched him throughout his recital with an unwavering gaze, and without the slightest change in her position."

"I do not believe a word of it."

The young man was leaning forward, his form rigid, and his eyes bulging with the intensity of his feelings, but when he heard those words, the tension suddenly relaxed, and he sank back in his chair.

"You do not believe me?" he cried, as if doubting his own ears.

"Not a word. Your story is an absurd fabrication from beginning to end. Why do you add to your sin by further deception?"

Tom was about to enter a violent protest against her scepticism, when a knock came at the door and a servant entered.

"There's a young man downstairs, miss," he said, "as says he wants to see you very particular."

"I can't see him now," Mary replied. "He said it was very particular indeed, miss. He says his name's Robinson."

Tom sprang to his feet. "Show him up at once, James," he said. "Thank God! It's the man himself!"

Both Mary and the servant eyed the excited young man with some surprise, and the latter looked to his young mistress for instructions.

"I will see him at once," the girl said shortly.

While waiting for Mr. Robinson to make his appearance, Mary stole a covert glance at Tom, and noticed that he had now assumed an air of conscious rectitude; the look of one who has been grossly maligned but is about to have his innocence proved before the world. She began to experience an uneasy sense of having possibly been too hard on her lover, and a dim hope that she had been mistaken.

When Mr. Robinson made his appearance it was evident that he was ill at ease. He wore a suit of clothes of superlative material and workmanship, but a full size too big for him, and he stood fumbling with his hat.

"Speak up, man," said Tom, encouragingly.

"I called, miss," began the stranger, "about a matter as is rather important to me. You was to see a Miss Mulhern this morning?"

Mary inclined her head.

"An' you took away a cigarette-case as you found there?"

Mr. Robinson hesitated and looked at Tom, who had now assumed a magisterial air.

"Make a clean breast of it, Thomas," he said. "The young lady is anxious to know."

Thus urged, Mr. Robinson in a few words described the scene in the cloak-room, dwelling strongly on the suddenness of the demand made upon him, and the temptation offered by the sight of the five-dollar bill.

"Thank you," Mary said, when the narrative was concluded. "I do not see that you have anything to be ashamed of." She laid an unmistakable emphasis on the pronoun, and Tom looked penitent again.

Mr. Robinson turned to go. "I think that's all, miss."

"One moment," Mary said. "Will you kindly give this, as a present from me, to Miss Mulhern. I think she might like to have it." She laid the cigarette-case, with which she had been playing, in the young man's hand.

"And here is something for yourself," Tom cried, laying a ten-dollar bill on the top of the case. "And for heaven's sake, man, get yourself some decent cigars."

"Thank you, miss; thank you, sir," said Mr. Robinson, greatly mystified by this sudden outburst of generosity.

"There is a letter which Mr. Bedson found in the pocket of your coat, and which we—accidentally read," Mary said. "You will find it in the cigarette-case."

Mr. Robinson was not a person of keen perceptive faculties, but a dim idea of the true state of affairs dawned on him. However, it was none of his business. "Thank you, miss," he said again, and bowed himself out.

"Mary?" Tom had drawn nearer and was holding out his hands.

"Well, Tom?" The ice in the girl's voice was broken, but not altogether thawed.

"Can you not forgive me?"

"I am afraid that I have been a little hard on you, Tom."

Mary's heart was beating wildly. She had not realized till now how deeply she had become attached to this light-hearted, improvident lover of hers.

"Say that you forgive me," His strong arm slipped about her waist, his hand gently turned her face towards him, and the next moment she was sobbing on Tom's shoulder.

"If you had only not begun to deceive me," she said.

"I know; I know," Tom replied, soothingly. "I am a beast, an ass, but you know what some fellow says: 'Oh! what a tangled something or other.' I didn't mean to do it, but I couldn't bear to see you look distressed, and, upon my honor, Mary, I meant to wear those miserable reach-me-downs next day. I will never tell you another lie as long as I live."

"The truth is always the best, Tom."

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For the Old-Fashioned Coffee Was Killing.

"I always drank coffee with the rest of the family, for it seemed as if there was nothing for breakfast if we did not have it on the table."

"I had been troubled some time with my heart, which did not feel right. This trouble grew worse steadily."

"Sometimes it would beat fast and at other times very slowly, so that I would hardly be able to do work for an hour or two after breakfast, and if I walked up a hill, it gave me a severe pain."

"I had no idea of what the trouble was until a friend suggested that perhaps it might be caused by coffee-drinking. I tried leaving off the coffee and began drinking Postum Cereal Food Coffee. The change came quickly. I am now glad to say that I am entirely well of the heart trouble, and attribute the cure to leaving off coffee and the use of Postum Cereal Food Coffee."

"A number of my friends have abandoned the old-fashioned coffee and have taken up with Postum, which they are using steadily. There are some people that make Postum very weak and tasteless, but if it is boiled long enough, according to directions, it is a very delicious beverage. We have never used any of the old-fashioned coffee since it was first started in our house."

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"An' you took away a cigarette-case as you found there?"

but I forgive you, and see—here is the seal," and she kissed him on the lips.

There was a pause.

"And that ready-made suit?" Tom hazarded anxiously.

"I think," replied the girl, laughing happily, "that you might send it as a present to Mr. Robinson, to wear at his wedding."

An Old-Fashioned Woman.

No clever, brilliant thinker she. With college record and degree. She has not known the paths of fame. The world has never heard her name. Home is her kingdom, love her dower—She seeks no other wand of power. Around her childish hearts are twined, As round some reverend saint enshrined, And find all purity and good In her divinest motherhood. She keeps her faith unshaken still—God rules the world in good and ill. This old earth's a brighter place All for the sunshine of her face; Her very smile a blessing throw, And hearts are happier where she goes, A gentle, clear-eyed messenger, To whisper love—thank God for her!—L. M. Montgomery in "Congregationalist."

Diplomacy.

First Boy—It's six o'clock. Let's go home. Second Boy—Nii! If we go home now we'll get licked fer stayin' so late. If we stay till eight we'll get hugged and kissed fer not bein' drowned.—"Puck."



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Curious Bits of News.

King Edward has ordered the removal of the bronze statue of John Brown, the old Scotch servant who attended Queen Victoria so many years. It has been presented to Brown's relatives.

The River Jordan is the "Descender." During its course it falls over twelve hundred feet. At no point is it navigable, even by small craft, to any considerable distance, and it presents the unique spectacle of a river which has never been navigated flowing into a sea which contains not one living creature.

Some time ago cats were imported into Australia to subdue the plague of rabbits. Now come complaints from New South Wales and Victoria that the birds are being destroyed, the cats, which were only intended to prey upon the rabbits, having turned their attention to the feathered inhabitants of the country, while the foxes, introduced for some other purpose, are robbing the hen-yards and assisting the cats in the war on native birds.

The "Lancet" contends that the liberal use of scent on the handkerchief is calculated to make it antiseptic and to destroy the germs in it, owing to the action partly of the spirit of the scent and partly of the essential oils dissolved in the spirit. Before, therefore, we condemn the persons who use scent upon the handkerchief for practising a foppish or luxurious habit, we should remember that they may actually be doing good to their neighbors by checking the distribution of infectious materials.

The "Electrical World" tells of an automobile being put to a queer use. A few Sunday mornings ago it was so dark at Stratford, Conn., that light was needed for the service in the old Congregational Church. Unfortunately, there is only a day circuit, and so the incandescents could not be used, and it was proposed to fall back on kerosene. At this juncture F. C. Beach, editor of the "Scientific American," rode up in his automobile, placed his carriage near a window of the church, connected the Gould storage batteries to the circuit, and soon had the darkened interior of the church brilliantly illuminated.

Professional shoppers are employed by a certain large firm of English drapers to test the abilities of shop assistants. This firm owns over thirty large shops, and employs nearly one thousand assistants. To find out whether every customer is politely served, a number of lady customers are employed to call at the various shops. They are told to give as much trouble as possible, and sometimes to leave without making a purchase after looking at nearly everything in the shop. Should the unfortunate assistant's temper not be equal to the strain, or should a single word be said that might offend, a report will infallibly reach headquarters and lead to the dismissal of the sorely tried handler of silks and ribbons.

Two Poems by Arthur Stringer.

ON A CHILD'S PORTRAIT.
Deep in the fluted hollow of its shells
Dimly some echo of the ocean dwells.

Still in September's fruitage mellow-cored
The filtered sweets of golden noons are stored.

And shimmering on a bluebird's migrant wings
Some poignant touch of June's lost azure clings.

Still in the rustling sheaf to-day there gleams
The lingering gold of some dead April's dreams.

Still in the cell of one autumnal bee
I find lost Summer in epitome.

And all that better life that I would leave,
Writ small in this, one childish face, I read.

MEMORIES.

Out of the Night we came, and we shall go
Back to our Night, that is the most we know.
But clinging to us are thin mystic things,
Vague dreams and visions, dim remembrances,
And whispers low, that tell us we have known
Strange vanished glories and some beauty flown.
Some hand has fettered well each pilgrim heart,
And seldom does Life's captive force apart
The ancient chain, and stand his moment free.
Yet, some night-wind blown off the surging sea,
The wings of music beating on its bars,
Some glimpse of twilight's first great stars,
The April thrush that pipes across the cold,
The solemn fields with autumn sunlight gold,
And that sad pleasure that is known as Love;
These whisper of the things we know not of,
Vaguely do these at some rare moment speak
Of those old glories that we madly seek:
Ere on our dream the doors of Being close
And, while we look, the golden moment goes!

When You Know How.

"I WILL be beautiful," she said, as she turned away from the mirror. "Surely in this modern, progressive age it is possible for any girl to acquire beauty."

So she invested in all kinds of cosmetics, had them applied by an artist, and went to a big ball. The next morning she scanned the society columns of the papers eagerly, but there was not a word about "the beautiful Miss Brown." She merely figured among those who were "also present."

"Still," she added, "it is possible to be beautiful when you know how, and I will experiment until I discover the secret."

Thereupon she employed a beauty doctor, and was rubbed and massaged every day for a month or more, but it was no use. The gossip departments of the papers spoke of this girl and that girl as "beautiful," but never of "the beautiful Miss Brown."

"Possibly," she thought, "something is the matter with my gowns. Much depends upon proper harmony or contrast, which often makes the beauty. I will have one designed especially for me by the most gifted of costume designers."

The papers said she was "beautifully gowned," but that was all. "I will become engaged," she cried, in despair. "If necessary, I will marry. Brides are almost invariably beautiful."

But when her engagement was announced the papers merely referred to her as "the charming and gifted Miss Brown."

"Alas!" she exclaimed, "can I not be beautiful? Is that great boon possessed by so many girls, no more favored by nature than I am, to be always denied to me? What is life to me, if I am thus handicapped? A mockery, truly! I will have none of it."

In this humor she went boating, and, giving it the appearance of an accident, deliberately fell into the water, from which she was quickly rescued by an athletic young man.

"Why," she cried, the next day, as she thought it all over, "was I not allowed to die?"

Then her glance fell upon a daily paper, and her eyes instantly brightened.

"Gallant rescue of a beautiful girl," she read. "Pretty Adele Brown, the beauty of the season, saved from a watery grave."

"Why, of course," she commented, thoughtfully. "It's very simple when you know how. Now I think of it, a rescue or a scandal will make a girl beautiful any day."—N.Y. "Town Topics."

Three Years Helpless.

Nobody can appreciate the extent of the joy and thankfulness that enters into the heart of a man or woman cured of Dyspepsia. The change is so great, from disease to health, from misery to happiness that only those who have experienced the transition can understand.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have worked this wonder thousands and thousands of times. Not only in Ontario, not only throughout Canada, but all through the United States, England, Scotland and Ireland, and wherever the English language is spoken.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are the one rational way to treat Dyspepsia. They are composed of harmless natural ingredients, such as pepsin and diastase. On being taken into the stomach they act immediately on the food. They actually do the work of digestion, dissolving the whole mass of masticated food and preparing it for assimilation into the blood.

In this way the feeble stomach is left with little or no work to do. Time and opportunity is given it for what it has never had before since you've been born—a rest. Gradually it grows strong and healthy once more. Finally the time comes when it is able to resume work, entirely cured. Then it is that the patient experiences that sense of delight and joy common to all who have used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

"I have had pains in my stomach due to Dyspepsia for three years," writes John Cornforth of 109 St. Anne street, Quebec city. "I could get nothing to help me until I used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, which gave me great ease from the start. My joy was indescribable when on continuing their use I was finally completely cured."

The Gospel of Happiness.

London "Outlook."

The true gospel of happiness, as we read between the lines of Lord Rosebery's playful address to the Royal Caledonian Horticultural Society on Wednesday, has its foundation in make-believe. It is foolish, as well as wrong, to covet your neighbor's orchids or to be hurt by the superiority of his hot-houses, when you know that your own sweet-peas have been admired and that your luxuriant crop of groundsel will make things comfortable for the canary.

Even if you have no garden of your own, you can more than supply the deficiency by reading a book on horticulture—for choice, Mr. John Reid's "The Scots Gardener," published in the reign of Charles I. On the principle of making books substitutes for the real thing, there is an infinitude of bustling travel to be got out of the "Continental Bradshaw," just in the same way that a sharp appetite may be appeased by a judicious perusal of cookery books. Carrying Lord Rosebery's theory a little further, we can picture the relief that study of a really sound work on dentistry would afford a man with a raging toothache, or how pleasantly a bankrupt could while away his valueless time over a volume on Currency and the Theory of Exchanges.

Down on the Modern Theater.

EVERYONE is familiar with General Sherman's famous definition of war. The great Italian actress, Eleonora Duse, now applies the same harsh epithet to stage life. She says it is "hell—downright hell."

Duse has confessed to an interviewer that she is "tired of the theater, but not of art, tired of the theatrical part of stage life, tired of the necessary co-operation of artists, managers, scene-shifters and lamp-lighters."

"Yes," she continued, "I am tired of all and everything liable to obstruct my artistic endeavors and to interfere with my plans, executed or intended. I am dreaming of entering the lecture platform, but will do things in quite a different way from the ordinary."

"I mean to enliven the lecture platform and broaden its scope by retaining some of the stage's features. My American tour will be my swan's song as far as stagehanding is concerned."

"After that I will endeavor to realize this dream of making the world acquainted with the great masterpieces of literature without detracting their attention by undue scenic effects and the awkwardness or stupidity of actors playing incidental parts."

"One or two ladies or gentlemen will be engaged as my assistants, merely to look their parts and give me the cue. As for myself, I couldn't think of assuming several roles as some do at dramatic recitals."

"I needn't repeat," she continued, "that I leave the stage without regret, yet at the same time I am almost forced to do something of the kind. I can't be for ever playing Dumas and Sardou, Ibsen and Sudermann. No one of account is writing new plays for me,

and those that are written might as well remain unacted."

"I tell you la Duse is threatened by literary famine. Shall I wait until the public tires of my repertoire? Besides, I must rid myself of the slavery of stage life. That's no life at all. I assure you it is hell, downright hell."

Funny Answers.

An English teacher, commenting on the "wonderfully funny" answers given by his pupils to questions, cites the following specimens:

A boy, aged ten, thus answers a question as to the cause of the Transvaal disturbances: "Krugger and Kannerbulism is one. He is a man of blood. Mr. Chamberling has, wrote to him sayin' come out and fite or else give up the blood of the English you have took. he is a boardutchman and a wickid heethin. lord Kitchener has sent for his goary blud and to bring back his scanderlus hed ded or alive."

An essay on Gladstone, by a boy of eleven, states: "Mr. Gladstone lov'd everybody. he lov'd publicans and cinnners and Irishmen. he wanted the Irish to come to England and have home rool, but Mr. Chamberlin says, no, no, so alars he got his blud up and kild Mr. Parnel. Mr. Gladstone died with great griep, and is burried in Westminster with pieciful ashes."



And still they say golf develops the limbs.—"Alma's."

Books and Their Makers.

THE Toronto report of the October "Bookman" shows that the best-selling novel in this city during September was *The Crisis*, by Churchill. The monthly report of Mr. James Bain, Jr., librarian, to the "Critic," shows that the novel most in demand at the Public Library during September was *Mistress Nell*, by Hazleton. It is a curious fact that as a rule the best selling book in Toronto bookstores is not the most popular book with patrons of the Public Library. People who buy their own fiction are possibly more abreast with the times—more "up to date"—than those who borrow their reading matter from library shelves. *The Crisis* is a more recent book than *Mistress Nell*. The latter is a novel written from the successful play in which Miss Henrietta Crossman scored a triumph last year. While it is a very pretty play, it cannot be said to have made a particularly entertaining or meritorious novel. Its subject matter is trivial, and the book can have only a passing vogue. *The Crisis* is more serious in both matter and purpose, and much more likely to survive the whim of the moment. It is, moreover, a book that every United Stateser feels called upon to read, since it has to do with the period of the Civil War and introduces the heroic character of Abraham Lincoln. It is not unlikely that many copies of *The Crisis* have been bought in Toronto by United States tourists in want of something to read on the trains or steamboats. This may have run up the sales of the book here. But it is nothing unusual for popular taste as measured by calls at the Public Library to lag behind popular taste as recorded in cash sales over the counters of the book shops. The next monthly report of Librarian Bain will possibly show that Toronto readers have tired of *Mistress Nell* and taken a fancy to "Old Abe."

The six best-selling novels in Toronto during September were: *The Crisis*, by Churchill (Copp, Clark Company); *The Puppet Crown*, by MacGrath (McLeod & Allen); *Cinderella*, by Crockett (Copp, Clark Company); *Tarry Thou Till I Come*, by Croly (Briggs); *Graustark*, by McCutcheon (McLeod & Allen); *Days Like These*, by Townsend (Langton & Hall). As noted above, the most called-for novel at the Public Library was *Mistress Nell* (Copp, Clark), while the most called-for books other than fiction were: *Glimpses of Three Nations*, by Stevens; *The Alfred Jewell: An Historical Study*, by Earle; *Monopolies, Past and Present*, by Rosignol; *Women and Men of the French Renaissance*, by Sichel; *Up from Slavery*, by Washington; *Robert Louis Stevenson: A Life Study*, by Baldwin; *A Sack of Shakings*, by Bullen; *War's Brighter Side*, by Ralph; *China and the Allies*, by Landor; *The Tribulations of a Princess*.

Mrs. Kingsmill-Morgan of Toronto has a very interesting communication in "Harper's Magazine" for October, dealing with the late Sir Walter Besant's literary ideals and methods, as revealed in a correspondence extending over many years between the gifted Englishman and Mrs. Morgan, who is the daughter of an old friend and fellow-worker of Sir Walter's. The editor of "Harper's" makes some interesting and very just comments on these hitherto-unpublished letters of the author of *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*. In this connection it is worth while to reproduce the following rules which Sir Walter drew up for his own guidance in writing, and which have been going the rounds of the English papers:

1. Practice writing something original every day.
2. Cultivate the habit of observation.
3. Work regularly at certain hours.
4. Read no rubbish.
5. Aim at the formation of style.
6. Endeavor to be dramatic.

FALL IN!

It is necessary to use

LUDELLA

Ceylon Tea only once in order to "fall in" with the popular idea that it is the foremost Tea on the market. Put up in Lead Packages - 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

7. A great element of dramatic skill is selection.
8. Avoid the sin of writing about a character.
9. Never attempt to describe any kind of life except that with which you are familiar.
10. Learn as much as you can about men and women.
11. For the sake of forming a good, natural style, and acquiring command of language, write poetry.

When the great publishing house of John Murray gave "The Monthly Review" to the world, the chorus of praise aroused by the high quality of its contents, and the unique elegance of its mechanical make-up gave it at once the vogue that its merits deserved, and the position thus secured it has retained by consistently maintaining the lofty standard with which it set out. The September number completes the first year of publication, and is a notable one in every respect. Besides the always interesting editorial articles, it contains papers on such important topics as "The Alleged Economic Decay of Great Britain," by W. H. Mallock; "The Navy at School," "Unsolved Foreign Problems," "The Work of War Correspondents," "A Woman Painter and Symbolism," illustrated, and "Magic." Messrs. Morang & Co. are the Canadian publishers, and through them "The Monthly Review" has already obtained a large circulation here.

It is a grave mistake to lay a book aside permanently, when once read, with the feeling that because the story is familiar one has exhausted all possibility of future enjoyment from that special source. If the writer has style, one can read, and re-read, and read yet again. If the tale is striking, unusual, ingenious, or has some special trick of charm, keep it on your list, and try it again after some years. You will generally discover, unless you are gifted with an inconveniently retentive memory, that you have remembered only the predominating idea, and that the greater part is as fresh and novel to you as the latest book from the press.

Discussing the "Coming Novel," the "Academy" says: "Probably one of the characteristic features of the new novel

Doubters.

Can be Changed by Knowledge.

If there is any doubt about making brain power by the use of certain food, the doubter should make the following experiment:

Helen Frances Huntington of Gainesville, Ga., says: "Just a word of commendation concerning Grape-Nuts, which I have found to be the most wholesome, nourishing and appetizing food that has ever come to my knowledge."

"I am not a dyspeptic, but being constantly engaged in severe brain-work I found that I did not thrive on ordinary diet; even a moderate dinner dulled my brain so as to be practically incapable of critical work. I tried meat-juice, peptonoids, the two-meal system of light breakfast and no supper, which brought on nervous depletion and sleeplessness, so I resorted to one and another of the various health-foods, which all seemed alike tasteless and valueless as a brain food, until quite by chance, I had a dish of Grape-Nuts food served as a dessert. I liked it so well that I began to use it daily, for supper four teaspoonsful in a saucer of hot milk, eaten before it dissolves to mushiness."

"This point should be remembered, as after a certain time, evaporation seems to affect the sweet, nutty flavor of the food, as in the case of certain fine-flavored fruits."

"The result in my case was simply astonishing. I had no desire whatever for sweet pastries, meats, or, in fact, anything else; and my brain was as clear and active at night as on awakening from a long, refreshing sleep."

"The peculiar advantage about Grape-Nuts food is that it supplies the nutritive qualities of a varied diet without the bad results of heavy eating. I cheerfully recommend its use to all brain-workers, if not as an exclusive diet, certainly for the last meal of the day. I always take it with me when traveling, which saves a deal of annoyance and discomfort."

Ask Your Physician

What kind of malt liquor is the best beverage.

He will tell you to always take ale or porter which is perfectly fermented, and which is thoroughly aged. New beer causes biliousness—makes you feel "heavy."

Carling's Ale is always thoroughly matured in wood and in bottle. Its absolute purity and perfect age is guaranteed.

will be the relegation of the element of sex love to a subsidiary place. It may be that current fiction has rather exaggerated the importance of the love of a man for a maid. It is open to doubt if, in most lives, love is the be-all and end-all of existence. Possibly the new genius will not ruin nations, scatter empires into dust, and cry havoc generally, merely to let loose the bridesmaids in the last chapter."

The "Outlook" complains that the celebration of King Alfred's Millenary has produced nothing bright or worthy of attention in literature. The best thing, it says, has been a child's cynical suggestion that King Alfred burnt the cakes lest he should have to eat them himself.

The title of Gorky's much-talked-of novel, *Foma Gordyeff*, published by the Scribners, means "Thomas the Proud." Foma being the Russian form of the English name, Thomas, and Gordyeff signifying proud. The name Gorky itself is a nom de plume signifying "the bitter one," and was chosen by the author to indicate his early attitude toward life.

It seems that Edward Noyes Westcott, author of *David Harum*, left another story finished at the time of his death, and this is now to be published. It is called *The Teller*, and is a story of life in a bank, with which Mr. Westcott's business relations had much to do. A number of portraits of Mr. Westcott and a picture of his home will illustrate the book.

In spite of the assurances of the publisher to the contrary, most readers had not progressed far in *An Englishwoman's Love Letters* before they dismissed the idea of their authenticity, and regarded the whole book as a piece of literature of no mean order. The announcement, therefore, that another book, entitled *A Modern Antaeus*, is shortly to appear from the gifted pen of the anonymous author comes not unexpected and will destroy no illusions.

PINK PEONY

"SEELY'S latest creation."

A perfume of rare delicacy and refinement. At all Druggists.

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor

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The Drama

THE theatrical amusements of the week have been somewhat overshadowed by the approach of the Royal visitors and the opening of the short season of grand opera at Massey Hall. All things considered, however, the week's business has been good for the various houses. A painful lack of novelty and freshness is frequently evident in the bookings for Toronto houses—so much so that patrons are commencing to grumble—and this week, when an extra effort to be attractive might have been looked for, the staleness was accentuated rather than otherwise. At the Princess the Bostonians, who are most decidedly not so young as they used to be, sang the ever-popular but somewhat frayed Robin Hood of De Koven and the much newer but less attractive Serenade and The Viceroy of Victor Herbert. The Bostonians in their day were a powerful organization and merited all their popularity, but it is to be feared that the policy of drift, together with the natural forces of disintegration, will prove fatal with them as with many another once prosperous and popular company. At the Grand, Al H. Wilson appeared in The Watch on the Rhine. The play is a queer mixture of wild-eyed sensation and quiet comedy. Mr. Wilson's singing is always well liked, but like the Bostonians, who are most decidedly not so young as they used to be, sang the ever-popular but somewhat frayed Robin Hood of De Koven and the much newer but less attractive Serenade and The Viceroy of Victor Herbert. The Bostonians in their day were a powerful organization and merited all their popularity, but it is to be feared that the policy of drift, together with the natural forces of disintegration, will prove fatal with them as with many another once prosperous and popular company. At the Grand, Al H. Wilson appeared in The Watch on the Rhine. The play is a queer mixture of wild-eyed sensation and quiet comedy. Mr. Wilson's singing is always well liked, but like the Bostonians, who are most decidedly not so young as they used to be, sang the ever-popular but somewhat frayed Robin Hood of De Koven and the much newer but less attractive Serenade and The Viceroy of Victor Herbert. The Bostonians in their day were a powerful organization and merited all their popularity, but it is to be feared that the policy of drift, together with the natural forces of disintegration, will prove fatal with them as with many another once prosperous and popular company.

Many a modern dramatist and manager might well ponder the words of W. S. Gilbert, in a recently published interview. That wise veteran, talking about "the young girl in the dress circle," said: "I have always held that maxima reverentia is due to that young lady. I am so old-fashioned as to believe that the test whether a story is fit to be presented to an audience in which there are many young ladies, is whether the details of that story can be decently told at (say) a dinner party at which a number of ladies and gentlemen are present." Mr. Gilbert puts forward this suggestion with diffidence, for he is convinced that it will not be received with approval. But what he adds seems really to clinch the matter. "I have always kept this test well before me in writing plays, and I have never found myself inconveniently hampered by it." The last clause is the crucial one.

The author of the play is of no interest to the average auditor, remarks a writer in "Ainslee's Magazine." How many people can recall the name of the author of Lord and Lady Algy compared to the number that have doted over Faversham in that comedy? Who knows anything about Robert Marshall, the man that wrote A Royal Family? And as for Clyde Fitch, when he had four plays running at one time in New York, all the papers could deliver of interest about him was hysterical gush at the indescribable luxury of the house built from the profits of his plays. And Pinero, the dramatist whose work has attracted the notice of all European and American critics? How obscure a man is he? Not long ago a certain senator, of national fame, attended a performance of The Magistrate. The comedy amused him a little, and as the curtain was let down on the second act the senator looked up the name of the playwright on his programme. Then he turned to his companion and inquired quietly, "Who is this man Pinero?"

Now that the women have meekly accepted the fiat which forbids the wearing of hat or bonnet at the theater, and whatever may be the state of their crimps, resignedly display them to a heartless world, it is time, thinks an exchange, for the men to make a concession on their side, and remain in their chairs during the play, not disturbing their feminine neighbors by crowding past them on their way out, leaving the women they have escorted to blush for their deserted state. "This appeal is not made to the well-bred man, who under no circumstances would be guilty of the rudeness in question. 'Don't' need never be said to a gentleman. It is from less cultivated classes that the concession is required. Surely it is not too much to ask a respectable theater-goer to remain in one place for three short hours rather than disturb others by his restless and unnecessary meanderings." The "three short hours" in the theater, at least in the Toronto theaters, are often three long hours. But there is a good deal of reason in the denunciation of a practice that sometimes assumes the proportions of a positive abuse.

William Archer has expressed amazement—albeit well-tempered and disciplined by long observation—at the "sheer hideousness" of the music hall melange served up to London patrons of that form of entertainment. Evidently a taste for the coarse and the brutal stage entertainment exists among the lower orders of the English capital that, happily, does not attain to equal dimensions on transatlantic shores. The harshest term one can apply to the usual matter offered for our diversion in vaudeville is that of sheer idiocy. But it is harmless, good-natured, and often amusing idiocy. It inspires a sentiment of resignation, frequently of mild surprise, occasionally even of gentle toleration, in the bosom of the professional observer of theatrical



GEORGE.



MAY.

TORONTO'S GUESTS.

entertainment, and rarely, if ever, shocks or revolts even the most disapproving auditor.

Shipman Brothers, formerly of Toronto, are directing a number of important theatrical enterprises this season. Under their direction Mr. Walker Whiteside will be sent through many of the principal cities in the romantic comedy, Heart and Sword, which prefaces his New York appearance in Robert of Sicily, the new play by Grace Livingston Furniss. Shipman Brothers also have a novelty in Pollard's Australian Juvenile Opera Company, which is to tour the United States and Canada under their direction. Another of their successes this year is the old Mayo comedy, Pudd'nhead Wilson, in which they are starring William S. Gill.

Lewis Morrison, famous for the subtlest and finest exposition of Satan the modern stage can show, will appear at the Grand Opera House next week as Mephisto in Faust, with a cast and scenery which surpass those of all previous productions of this play, under the direction of Jules Murry. With a new prologue employing seventeen exquisitely-painted scenes, an invisible choir, and a display of electrical effects centering into one pure white ray resting on the gates of heaven thronged by the heavenly host, and a dozen other novel effects, the production is promised, scenically and in point of acting, to be the finest ever staged of this particular play. The cleverest scenic artists and electricians of New York had carte blanche. No expense was spared, and the brilliant display in the garden scene is surpassed only by the startling pyrotechnical display.



MR. LEWIS MORRISON.

play on the Brocken, which in lurid blaze and flame effects is strongly in contrast to the exquisite beauty of the final apotheosis of the hapless Marguerite. The subtlety and bitterness, the tremendous declamation and the merciless pitting mockery of this insidious character as delineated by Lewis Morrison, need no comment. His appearance at the Grand Opera House next week will be one of the notable events of the season.

A coming event of interest is Mr. Frank Yeigh's latest picture travel talk on "Britain and Brittany; or, New Glimpses of Old Lands," to be given in Association Hall on Monday evening, the 21st inst. The subject will deal with Mr. Yeigh's recent trip in England and France, and will be richly illustrated with stereopticon views.

The "Evening with Dickens" to be given by Mr. E. S. Williamson at Conservatory Music Hall on Thursday, 24th October, promises to be a fine literary treat. Mr. Williamson is thoroughly at home with his subject, having for the past ten years made a special study of Dickens' life and writings, and his library contains one of the most complete collections of Dickens literature in America. The illustrated talk, now to have a first presentation in Toronto, is highly spoken of by the press of other cities, including Ottawa, where Mr. Williamson appeared under the patronage of His Excellency the Governor-General and the Countess of Minto. The stereopticon pictures, numbering more than one hundred, are of exceptional interest, comprising rare portraits, homes and haunts of Dickens, character sketches by famous artists, reproductions of original drawings, etc. The reserved seat plan will open at Tyrrell's Book Shop on 21st inst.

For next week Mr. Shea offers a most refined and high-class musical act, "Les Dumonds." The violinist of the troupe is a man of most remarkable skill. There is just enough comedy in the act to make it pleasing to everybody, while the music will catch the fancy of the critical. To Torontonians this act especially commends itself on account of the great number of music-loving people in this city. Clayton White, Marie Stuart & Co., will be seen in a new act which is the sequel to "Dicky." Mr. White is one of the best character actors who has been graduated from the Frohman school. He was leading man of the Lyceum Stock Company for several seasons—a guarantee that he is an actor of merit. Miss Stuart gives him able support, and her singing and imitations are equal to anything on the vaudeville stage. Cushman, Holcombe and Curtis in a big comedy act is another new feature in Toronto. Blackson and Burns in an eccentric black face act have a laugh-provoker of the best order. Both are said to be clever acrobats, their comedy is clean and up-to-date, and they keep the audience amused every night they are on the stage. Ada Arnoldson will make her first appearance in Toronto. Her voice is reputed to be one of exceptional range and power and her Swedish costumes are something new to the stage. Rialta, the fire dancer, has a specialty that is up-to-date in every respect and equal to anything in

its line. There will be two or three other good specialties on the bill.

The talk occasioned everywhere by Hall Caine's new novel, The Eternal City, makes anything by that writer apropos at the present time, and theater-goers are looking forward with interest and pleasure to the production at the Princess Theater next week of Charles W. Chase's dramatization of The Deemster. A strong cast, elaborate and correct stage settings, wardrobe and appointments are promised. Matinees will be given both Wednesday and Saturday. The play is likely to enjoy an immense patronage in Toronto.

Outdoor Pastimes.



The "Americans" are good winners? After "putting it over" Sir Thomas on the "bouncing bubble," they have invited him to a complimentary dinner where a polite process of "rubbing it in" will no doubt be gone through. Since "Columbia" and "Shamrock" have slipped into their allotted places as victor and vanquished, the question of the ultimate end of these racing machines once more comes up. The "Shamrock" is not to go back to England, but will stay on this side of the Atlantic, ostensibly to race next season, but a Yankee contemporary points out that it would not pay Sir T. to take his boat back only to be broken up, and that this year's challenger will in all likelihood never race again, but be dismantled and broken up in America. A trip across the ocean at this time of year would, by reason of her frail construction, make "Shamrock II." useless as a trial horse for the next British challenger. The fate of the modern racing yacht stands in marked contrast with that of the first challenger, the "America," which after living to a green old age is still able to go about under her own canvas. These facts alone show how the sport has degenerated and that the present rules, by means of which the Yankees have managed to hold the cup for so long, have evolved a machine whose uselessness is ended with its defeat.

The lacrosse season is just about over, and the finals in the intermediate and junior series and the game for the Minto Cup are about the only matches left. Talking about the Minto Cup makes one wonder where that notorious piece of silverware will finally be hung up. If possession is really nine points of the law, it will never leave Ottawa. The cup trustees from that city appear very loth to give it up, probably realizing that they may never get their hands on it again. After a \$2,000 rake-off the Caps. should have been satisfied and allowed the Shamrocks to handle the cup a little before the game with the Young Men from the West.

Last Saturday's games do not give one much of an idea as to who will land the championship of the Ontario Rugby Football Union, but one thing is certain, if the Argos expect to defeat the Ottawa Rough Riders they will have to play much better football than they did a week ago. The Intercollegiate League plays its first game to-day, when 'Varsity meets McGill on the 'Varsity athletic field. The Eastern collegians have not been heard from very much, but will probably surprise the Queen's Park fifteen. The fact that they have not been doing much press work does not give them a poor team. No one has heard very much about Queen's this year either, but it is generally conceded that they have a stronger team than the one which landed the championship last year, and which was thought to have been better than the famous Rough Riders.

The annual games of Toronto University will take place next Friday, October 18, when the men who will meet McGill at Montreal on the 25th will be chosen. 'Varsity has a lot of new men this year whose ability is practically unknown, and a good deal of interest is beginning to be taken in the different events.

THE REFEREE.



"Bul, can yer lend me twopence?"
"Wot a silly question ter ask! Why, if I 'ad twopence, wot 'ud I be doin' 'standin' outside a public 'ouse?"—Punch.

Notes From the Capital.

Lady Laurier's Women Friends.—Erosus of the Cabinet to Toronto.—A Big Crop of Colonels.—Golf Games at Ottawa.—Doings in the Morning Music Club and the Women's Art Association.—General Society Notes.

LADY LAURIER returned to the Capital from her peaceful retreat at Arthabaskaville on Friday of last week, and from that time until she left for Toronto on Wednesday she amused herself, as she loves best, by entertaining her intimate friends, all of whom are of the feminine gender. Lady Laurier is, of course, always charming to men, especially to men on the right side of politics, but she infinitely prefers women's society and is happiest as the hostess, or even the guest, at a ladies' card party, luncheon or tea, but best of all the card party.

Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier while in Toronto will be the guests of Hon. Senator and Mrs. Cox. They will not alone represent the Federal Cabinet, for I hear that the Minister of Militia, though reduced, or, one might say, promoted, to crutches, is determined to enjoy some of the festivity of the Royal visit in Toronto. He was out of all of it in Ottawa. He is particularly anxious to attend the great military review, as is only proper for a gentleman in his position. He will be accompanied by his wife and daughters. Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Fielding and the Misses Fielding, Mr. Blair and Miss Blair, Mr. James Sutherland, also left for Toronto on Wednesday. In Quebec the Federal Ministers did not take precedence of the Provincial dignitaries, which would have been rather shabby, for their turn was to come in Ottawa. No doubt they will be equally considerate in Toronto. Most of them have met the Royal party in Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, now in Toronto, and later they will meet them at Halifax.

Among prominent Ottawa society people in Toronto this week are Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. Harold McGivern and Miss Isabel Mackintosh. Mr. McGivern plays on the Canadian cricket team against the Englishmen. Then, in the officers of the Governor-General's Foot Guards, there are men from Ottawa's best society, such as Major E. F. Taylor, Major O'Brien, Captain H. A. Bates, Captain Gill, and good-looking Captain Leonard Forbes. As for colonels, there will be many from Ottawa in Toronto, for owing to recent changes in militia matters, colonels have been flocking in here—by the thousand I was going to say, but of course that is an exaggeration. However, in the way of colonels we are beginning to resemble the United States.

The bright weather of the past ten days—ideal golf weather they call it—has made things "hmm" out on the Chelsea links. The lady golfers have been deep in championship matches. The championship is to be represented by a handsome silver cup presented by Mrs. R. Gill, for the diamond star, given by a man friend of the club three years ago, was won for the third time last autumn by Mrs. Sidney Smith, and consequently has become her property. It was hoped that a team from the Rosedale Ladies' Golf Club would be in Ottawa on Friday and Saturday of this week, but at present there seems to be some hitch. Probably the lady golfers wish to see the last of the Royal Duke and Duchess before starting off for a tournament. Next week Ottawa will be represented by some good players at the ladies' inter-provincial golf matches on the Dixie links at Montreal.

Mrs. Darley-Bentley (nee Wise) held her post-nuptial receptions on Thursday and Friday afternoon of this week. Her sister, Miss Henrietta Wise, received with her. Mrs. Darley-Bentley (the hyphen is legitimate in this case) will, I hear, take a prominent part in the management of the Women's Morning Music Club this season, and her sweet voice will be frequently heard at its concerts, an announcement which will certainly be satisfactory to the members. The Morning Music Club does not usually commence its season until November, but one hears rumors of great designs on the part of the management.

In last week's budget of Ottawa news I mentioned that the Misses Dainty were the guests of Mrs. C. E. Harris at Earncliffe. Since then Miss Lilian Dainty has been seriously ill and a patient in St. Luke's Hospital, where she has undergone an operation for appendicitis. Many anxious enquiries were made both at the hospital and at Earncliffe for this popular young lady, and I am glad to chronicle that the latest reports are most encouraging.

The Women's Art Association held its annual meeting on Saturday last, and re-elected the officers of last year to act again in the coming one. Consequently Mrs. Irwin, whose graceful and tactful manner was of such advantage to the club, once more holds the position of president. The Countess of Minto is honorary president, and no doubt she will continue to show a sincere interest in the success of the Women's Art Association. There will be "Art Talks" again in the afternoons, with pleasant little teas afterwards, and some time, probably about Christmas, an art exhibition will be held.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Mackintosh, who were guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Fleming, and in whose honor several teas were given last week, left on Wednesday for their home in Rossland, B.C.

The engagement has just been announced of Miss Kitson, daughter of the new Dean at Christ Church Cathedral. Miss Kitson spent a few days in Ottawa last spring, shortly after the appointment of her father to the dealership, but has since then been at her old home in Montreal, so that she is not very well known in Ottawa. Her fiancé is Captain C. J. Armstrong, who is assistant to Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Percy Girouard, Military Director-General of Railways in South Africa. Captain Armstrong is a graduate of the Royal Military College, and went to Africa as a lieutenant in "E" Company, first contingent. The marriage will take place in Ottawa during the month of December, and Captain Armstrong will take his bride back to South Africa.

Miss Harriet Cassels of Toronto has been the guest of Mrs. Montizambert, and on Thursday of last week a tea was given in her honor in Sir Charles Tupper's old home in Cooper street, where Dr. and Mrs. Montizambert now reside.

The new Russell Theater was opened last Monday night by the Lulu Glaser Company in Dolly Varden. All the boxes were taken and a fashionable assemblage filled the auditorium.

AMARYLLIS.

Knowledge of the World.

"What gives a novelist knowledge of the world?" asks a contemporary. Many writers of the present day seem to think that knowledge of the world is acquired by roaming the surface of the earth. Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Morley Roberts, Mr. Louis Becke, Mr. Cutcliffe Hyme, and Mr. Guy Boothby scurry through the four quarters to get fresh material. And no doubt these gentlemen—or the best of them—introduce their readers to new scenes and new characters which, had they not been geographical roamers, would never have come within their ken. But the fact remains that not one of these writers has that finest knowledge of the world which is the best equipment of the novelist. Many a man who contents himself with watching his own little circle and studying the complexity of his own character, has more philosophy, more dramatic power, and more insight into human nature, than all the five writers we have mentioned put together. Shakespeare never left England. Balzac never left France, but from their armchairs they summed the Universe.

Pure American.

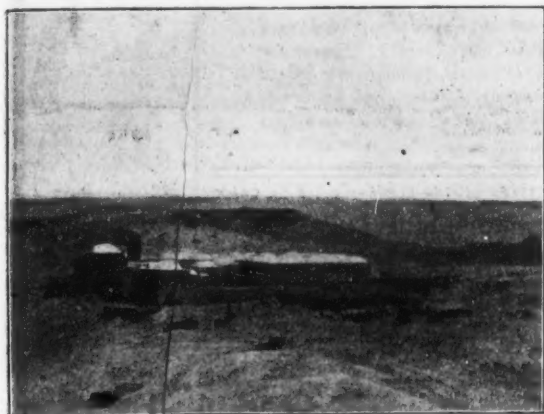
The oft-debated question whether there really is an "American language" is settled by this cryptic passage in a newly-published work: "When a guy can buy a couple of cosy-corners in a dead-swell theater for 50 cents per cone, he's a mark to blow four plunks to squeeze into one of those joints where they feed you on problem plays and fricasseed pasta. I figured it out that way and stood pat."

An Unenthusiastic Tourist.

BEING THE IMPRESSIONS OF DON AND HIS PARTNER, RHEU, ON A TRIP TO EGYPT, PALESTINE AND ITALY.

XVII.—A Moslem Procession and Other Lyrics.

AFTER the washing of feet was over the cavass of the British Consul and my dragoman managed to get me through the crowd and out through the monastery by a back way, which enabled me to avoid the crush. The cavass at once suggested that we go over to the Jericho road and see the return of the Moslems who the week before had gone out to visit the alleged tomb of Moses near the River Jordan. I had always supposed that the burial-place of Moses was unknown to man, but the Sultan of Turkey and ruler of Palestine built an edifice, a picture of which appears below, designated it the Tomb of Moses, and instituted a pilgrimage to it during the Holy Week of the Latin Christians, with a return to



REPUTED TOMB OF MOSES.

Jerusalem during the Greek Holy Week. This was done to gather a herd of Mohammedans into Jerusalem to offset the presence of the Catholic pilgrims, who might cause trouble, the return of the Moslems being so timed as to occur on the great Greek festival, of which the feet-washing is one of the chief incidents. By this device the cunning Turk prevented the Christians from feeling, notwithstanding that ten or fifteen thousand pilgrims from afar were within the wall, that they owned the Holy City and could take possession of it, extra Moslem troops crowding the barracks as well.

The way was long and rocky and dusty from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to the hill at the foot of which is the Garden of Gethsemane, but I managed to get there. After passing through the Garden, which is about the size of an ordinary building lot, filled with flowers and shrubs and surrounded by well-kept hedges and shaded by trees, we found a pace on the stone wall above the road where we could see the procession without being jostled. The whole side of the hill from the walls of Jerusalem to the Jericho road was crowded with spectators watching for the returning Moslems, some of them at long range, while I, by favor of an official in Turkish uniform, had the most favored place at could be chosen. The sun was blazing down upon us and the cavass, with the greatest consideration for my comfort, deprived a Jewish woman who was sitting on the hill near by of her big cotton sunshade and held it over my head with most elaborate politeness. The woman looked startled but made no protest, and though I insisted upon her returning it he smiled benignly and simply ordered another Jewish lady to share her parasol with the woman who had been deprived of hers. I still protested, but he answered "It matters nothing. They are but Jews and used to this sun, while you are not."

We had to wait nearly an hour before the procession came to the top of a hill a half a mile away, where it was received by Tekk Pasha, Governor of Judea, the chief men of the various mosques, and a brass band. A cannon on the hillside at the city boomed, and the forward movement began. The roadway during the whole distance was densely thronged and progress was very slow. Bands of Mohammedans from various towns and villages, partially drilled and with some show of uniform, opened the crowd for the carriage and the returning pilgrims. These companies were well armed and were a crude imitation of our volunteer regiments. Still ahead of these were half-naked zealots and Bouins from the deserts and the mountains and the village who sang and danced in a manner most barbaric. A man with a naked sword stood on the shoulders of a companion in each little company, and while brandishing his weapon as if reckless of consequences sang a wild refrain while the perspiring fanatic beneath him danced and sang slowly around. As they were passing beneath the arch on which I stood, the crowd was so dense that they could not proceed until the police opened the way for them a few feet at a time, and I was entertained for over an hour by dancing derisives who seemed never to tire. The song, which was like that which I had often heard at Inn war dances, sounded something like this:

ssi-ami ossi-ami ossi-ami yah,
ssi-ami ossi waddy nah,
ssi-ami ossi-ami ossi-ami stan,
ssi-ami ossi waddy yan.

This is or less of a phonetic production of a crazy overture the barbaric pagan, and occasionally a bystander, come by enthusiasm, joined the outfit and carried his sword around on his shoulders. One of these men was possessed of a revolver, and to add to the noise of the show he discharged it every few moments until his ammunition was gone. As I sometimes felt that as not only within range, but might become the resting-place of one of the bullets, I was not sorry when a Turkish policeman robbed the dancer of his gun. During the whole of the procession on the hillside boomed every few minutes, and company after company of dancers passed by with same monotonous song and untiring gyrations. Finally, carriages with the Turkish officials and the big-wigs of mosques passed us, the band brayed, the crowd shrieked and the imperturbable officials looked steadily into the distance as if they were entirely alone. Following these came High Mogul of Mosque El Aksa, who was the biggest in the pilgrimage to the Jordan and surrounded it on its way. Behind him on a white horse and bussed by his five or six of age, who was the apocryphal prince in the paper Gifts and flowers and ribbons and flags were hung about him, and though I do not know what myth he exhaled, he was treated in every way as if he were Christing into Jerusalem. More hacks and more pilgrims followed, and a second little boy received much the same treatment as the first. These youngsters are selected from principal Turkish families for the occasion, and it is them an honorable position as long as they live. As passed through the multitude the barbaric howling wailed.

The cavass handed the sunshade back to its owner without saying thank you, hurried me through the Garden of Gethsemane, and down into the road, explaining that as the procession we could get through the crowd, and otherwise we would be unable to reach the city for a few hours. Everybody sat still till the last of us, but I admit I felt that I was queering the procession getting into it. The Moslems looked at myself and three dragoman with suspicion, but the gorgeous "holy" uniform of the cavass made the thing not only safe, but easy.

Slipping through the crowd where it was shallow, we climbed the hill, and entering by St. Stephen's gate, out of which the apostle went to be stoned, we made our way through the city till we struck the upper part of Christian street, where a new performance blocked the way. It was a procession of Armenians, who were ki-yi-ing and howling to a tune very similar to the one which had been tiring my ears for over an hour. They were big, fierce-looking fellows with black whiskers, and as ragged and barbaric in appearance as those we had just seen in the Moslem procession. A big fellow with a sharp broadsword was standing on the shoulders of a fellow screamer who moved around as if he were on a pivot. My Greek dragoman explained to me that he was leading a hymn and that the howls which punctuated it were shouts of "Long life to the Patriarch." We had to stand in the doorway till the crowd got past us, and in their enthusiasm these Armenian brethren made nasty remarks about the cavass, my dragoman—who was of their own faith—and myself, whose faith was much endangered by their crazy procedure.

From my little experience with Armenians in Jerusalem I should hate to have them for neighbors. They are bold, quarrelsome, and vastly more liable to kick up a row than either the Greeks or the Russians. Henceforth I shall not feel that they are a mild and saintly people and altogether blameless when the Turkish soldiers swoop down and put them and their villages out of business. There were said to be two thousand of them in Jerusalem, and as they wore a somewhat distinctive dress they were easily distinguished. Fanaticism of a wild and aggressive sort blazed from their eyes, and they were almost altogether devoid of the meek, pious and long-suffering look of the Russian pilgrims, ten thousand of whom each night slumbered in the hospices, on the streets and on the Mount of Olives. Nearly all of the Christian part of Jerusalem is owned by the Greek, Russian and Armenian monasteries. The hotels are the property of the monks of these nationalities, who are also the landlords of nearly all the people of their own origin. While they appear to have seized everything that is loose, various monasteries seem to live with one another in trying to better the condition of pilgrims of their own nationality, and in improving the houses inhabited by those of their sect. A Russian need not be homeless if he goes to the Russian monastery and asks for a place in which to live. If he cannot pay rent he is housed until he can; and so with the Armenians, and to a considerable extent it is the same with the Greeks. The French have monasteries and endeavor to look after their own people, and in fact nearly all the European nationalities are well represented by religious houses of one sort or another. The Anglican Church has two churches and a number of schools. The

understand it and make it approach nearer to Christianity as we understand it. We are able to write many things into their creed which they unconsciously adopt, but to get them to renounce the teachings of Mohammed and openly profess Christianity is almost an impossibility." She was a charming Englishwoman of the best and most refined type, and though she was still under forty her hair was grey, her face thin, and her hands almost transparent. I suggested that a few more years or even months of Palestine would likely wreck her life. "I feel what you say to be true," she said as she rose to go to her room, "and there isn't enough Spartan woman in me to keep up the fight. I am going back to put my house in order, and then I am away home to England—for good. I suppose you think I am too weak a character to be a missionary. Perhaps so. Good-night."

(To be continued.)

"The Noo Skeedool."

(The following skit by Mr. Owen A. Smiley, the well-known entertainer, will be appreciated by Toronto citizens.)

As I waited on the corner

For a car I could not see,

As I waited, quietly waited,

Waited, Oh! so patiently!

A workman with a dinner-pail

Thus addressed himself to me:

"You may tork of yer bloomin' processions

An' 'ow ter look 'after th' crowd,

With the city a-votin' concessions

Jes' so as ter do the Dook proud;

"You may trot out yer cops an' yer sodgers,

An' string out a line a mile long,

An' all these 'ere tuft-untin' codgers,

Will tell us we're givin' it strong.

"But why should we pay fer such funnin'?

It's chukkin' spondoolix away,

For th' way that the street cars are runnin'

We 'ave a procession h'all day.

"Yuss, it's jam if you ain't one to worry,

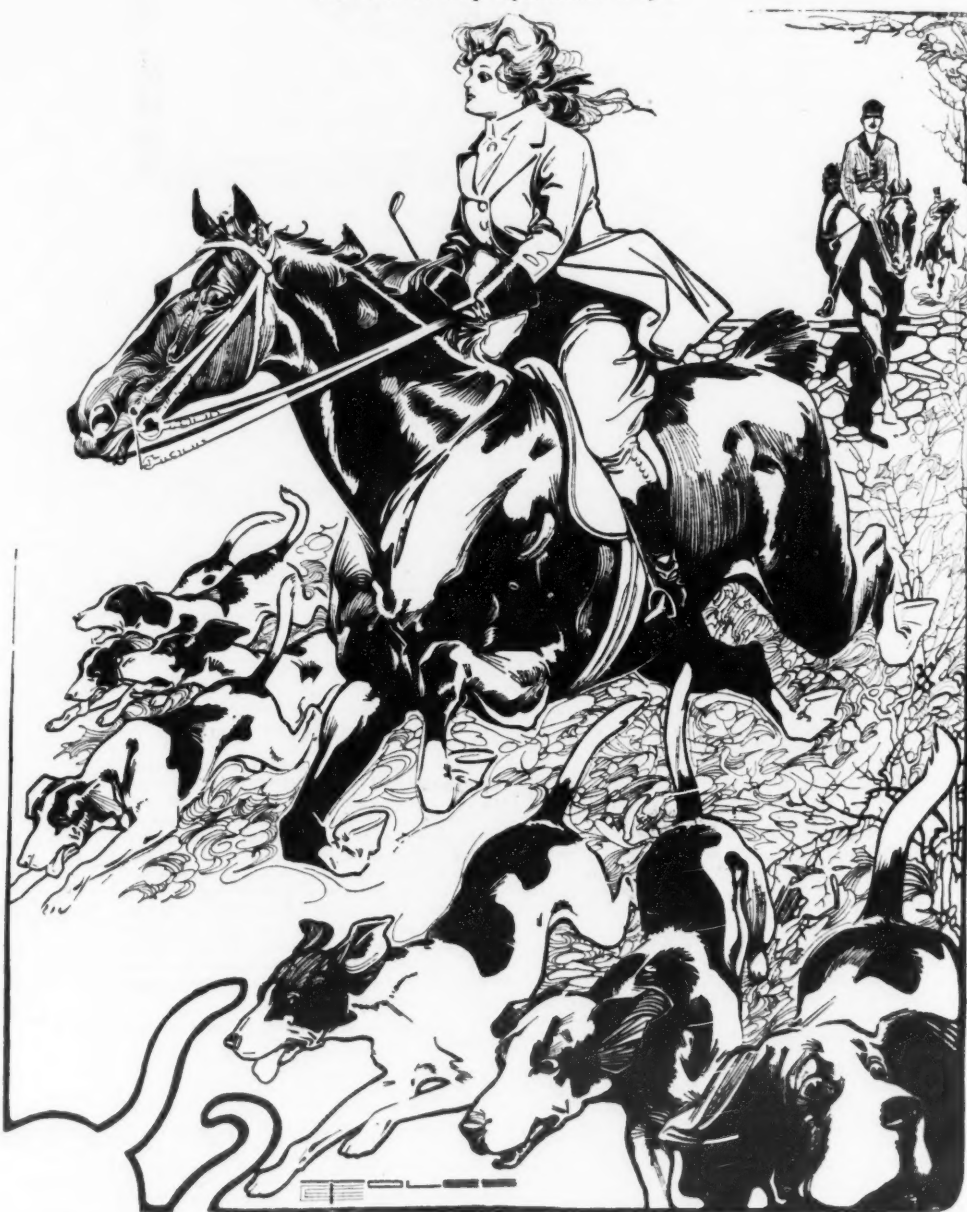
To stand with the crowd 'ere an' wait,

Just to see the cars come in a 'urry,

Bunched h'up like a G. T. R. freight.

"Fer they can't stop fer whistles or wavin'."

The Cross-Country Equestrienne of 1901.



"Riding astride is already an accepted custom, and that it will be practised within the city limits as well as in suburban districts is proved by a visit to Central Park any fine morning."—New York paper.

boys' college, which was named after the founder, Bishop Gobat I think it was, is a beautiful place high up the hill, built against and within the city wall, and has a large garden and a cemetery attached. Here native boys of any Christian denomination may receive tuition for ten pounds a year, board, lodging, washing, and if necessary clothes included. If he is a deserving case and a likely boy, he can get all these things for nothing, and I was told that no great effort was made to proselytize the youngsters. My dragoman had spent five years in the college and he was an orthodox Greek, spoke English very well, was very gentlemanly in his manner, and as far as I could find out honest in his dealings. Everywhere the Englishman's idea seems to be to teach the English language, and a great effort is being made, and successfully made, to this end in Palestine.

Indeed, the effort to teach the language to the natives is succeeding better than the missionary enterprises, which have a change of religion for their object. Of course a number of converts are made from the Greek and Roman Churches, but this seems unimportant, as they were Christians already. In the hotel where I was staying I was talking with a lady who for over twelve years had devoted the income from her private fortune to the maintenance of a school for girls in a fanatical Moslem town some thirty or forty miles from Jerusalem. Later on, with the assistance of some friends, she had added a hospital to her mission, and both taught and nursed the natives. She related to me many almost heart-breaking disappointments which she had had, and when I asked her how many genuine converts she had made from Mohammedanism to Christianity in the twelve years of her work, her gentle face clouded, and clasping her hands together she leaned over towards me and whispered, "Not one; but I and my assistants have at least succeeded in making the lives of those Moslem girls much more civilized and comfortable than they were before. Indeed, it seems that all that we can do, and be sure of having done, is to modify Mohammedanism as they

They're run on the latest "skeedool,"
Which it's order they see is time-savin'!
An' they tries to live h'up to the rool.

"You'll see fourteen 'Belts' runnin' together
Close h'order an' h'all in a row,
An' not one of 'em carin' much whether
The time-keeper jaws 'em or no.

"Not a bloomin' car runnin' on Coll-ge,
All bunched belike down by the Dook,
An' I'll bet they ain't got any knowledge
Wot trip they're supposed to be h'on.

"There are crowds on the corners a-waitin'
With never a street car in sight;
There ain't no bloomin' h'error in statin'
They'll see a procession all right.

"We all know that the company's cummin',
They've got to 'ave boodle or bust,
But the way that their cars are a-runnin',
They gather the wrong kind of DUST!

"Let their time-keepers git inter session,
An' let 'em fer Lawd's sake decide,
If the street cars are jest a procession,
Or if we can git in an' ride."

A Gubernatorial Experience.

Colonial Governors have queer experiences. One of them went recently to a small town to open a boys' institute, and was met at the railway station by the mayor and mayoress. After being introduced his lordship was rather amused when the mayoress said to him, "I am so sorry you didn't bring the Governess."

An Impartial Female

Or the Legend of Keturah and the Bear

(As Related by the Guide.)

By REGINALD GOURLAY, Picton, Ont.



Now a woman like that thar, sir, as wimmen folks do go, Is about as common in this world as is a snow-white crow!

"Set down on that thar hemlock log, down by the run-way thar, An' I'll tell ye a short tale erbout Ketury an' a b'ar. Me an' Ketury late las' fall was comin' home one night Down the slash to our old shanty (it was just erbout twilight),

Ketury knittin' as she walked, an' singin' Sankey's hymns, An' me a-goin' on in front, an' holdin' back the limbs, When just by the old berry patch up rose a big he-b'ar, Showin' his teeth, ez if to say, 'Jest tech me if you dar!'

I hadn't got no rifle, nor nothin' but my knife,

So thought I give the b'ar the road, an' lead a Christian life.

But Ketury! Wa'al, she up an' sez, 'Now, Peter Jones, sez she,

'Ef you're the style of hunter I hear you claim to be, You'll sorter draw your toothpick, an' show that sassy brute

You're somethin' on the slashin', as well as on the shootin'! So I perdoosed my weppin, an' breathin' a short praar,

I wraps my coat about my arm, an' started fer that b'ar. I found I'd met my equals, an' p'raps a leetle more;

'Twas slash an' stab an' cussin', an' chew an' growl an' roar.

Ketury she sot on a log, a-knittin' calm an' slow, Quite easy an' imparshul like, umpirin' that thar show.

An' every single word she said was perfect 'fair an' squar'.

Sometimes 'twas 'Go it, hub-by!' and sometimes 'Go it, b'ar!'

At last my foot ketched on a root, an' down I cum ker-flop.

The b'ar he fell on top of me, and sorter hed the drop. So I hollers out, 'Ketury! My preshus angel pet,

Git a pole an' whack that b'ar, or else yer husband 'll be et!'

Then she spoke up so scornful, 'No, Peter, 'tain't my style To take a mean advantage of a pore dumb animile!'

"Them nobil words inspired me, I giv' a savage thrust, The knife it found the heart, an' the b'ar he bit the dust. Now but fer that thar lucky thrust, the b'ar, with rav'nin' fury,

Would most assuredly hev et fust me, an' then Ketury! But that consideration couldn't move her in the least

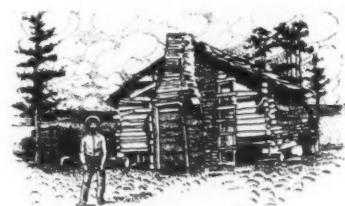
To play at all unfair like on a pore dumb strugglin' beast. Now what I felt most, stranger, an' thort so kinder nice,

Was her imparshul conduct, so free from prejudice.

But hark! I know the meanin' of them thar bayin' sounds;

Thar's a deer a comin' towards us in front of them two bounds!

Jump right behind that birch tree, an' keep as still as mice, An' you'll git a daisy shot, if you foller my advice."



Faith or Fanaticism?

THE threatened destruction by fire of a Jewish synagogue in Chestnut street recently afforded an example of the peculiar devotion of the Hebrew people to the things they esteem sacred. The daily papers recorded that the efforts of the police to keep the members of the synagogue from hazarding their lives in attempting to rescue a scroll, or portion of holy writ, from the burning building, led to a small-sized riot. The Hebrews in the crowd seemed to regard it as not only a seemly thing, but an act of pious duty to rush in and secure the precious parchment at any cost. They were not only ready, but determined, to risk life and limb rather than see a portion of their Scripture consumed. When, finally, the president of the congregation persuaded the police of the absolute necessity of saving the scroll and was allowed to go into the burning building and grope about till he found it, and brought it out clasped to his breast, the Hebrew portion of the crowd gave evidence of the deepest relief and the liveliest pleasure.

There is doubtless an unpleasant suggestion of a survival of idolatry in this reverence for a mere material symbol or husk of faith. It is a much more admirable thing to risk one's life, as men frequently do, to save the life or honor of a fellow-being, than to save an inanimate thing, no matter what value the object may have intrinsically or by association. Yet in this stage of human development, when mankind wears its creeds so lightly, one cannot help being impressed by such a marked exhibition of devotedness in the grimy and squalid "ward," whose people are not usually thought of as living in an environment congenial to heroism of any description. One pauses to ask what manner of faith or experience it is that impels men and women living a life of sordid toil and struggle to prove their devotion to an idea (that may be nothing but a delusion) to the point of imminent personal danger. Is such devotion but the product of such forces as superstition, priestcraft and fanaticism, or is it something worthier of our respect? How many things are there, outside of his immediate family and business concerns, that the average citizen would risk his life for in a burning building? The history of humanity is full of instances of people laying down their lives needlessly, in misplaced devotion, but perhaps it is true to say that no wholly worldly or corrupted nature can be given over to a great fanaticism, and the things for which men are prepared to play the role of martyrs are perhaps becoming fewer as civilization gets more material.

Do Plants Reason?

Do plants think and reason? Mr. Francis Darwin, the distinguished son of a world-famous philosopher, would almost make us believe they do by the lecture he delivered recently in connection with the British Association meeting at Glasgow. Through a long course of experiments and observations, conducted on his father's principle of gathering facts instead of pursuing theories, Mr. Darwin is able to show, by what seems conclusive proof, that plants control to a certain extent their own growth. They adapt themselves to the influence of gravity by means analogous to the instinctive actions of animals. Man does not walk by a reasoned theory of the adaptation of his limbs to the operation of gravity. He walks by instinct, and keeps himself from falling by instinctive motions of his limbs, tutored by organs of sensation. Plants, says Mr. Darwin, grow upwards by similar interaction of organs of sensation and motion. Moreover, each plant interprets correctly the conditions in which it can best grow and thrive. If you turn the tip of a stem downwards, the plant will bend it upwards. Have we here any indication of qualities which in man are called mental? asks Mr. Darwin. Have plants memory and desire? To that tremendous question Mr. Darwin is not yet prepared with a full answer. But he inclines to the belief that mind and life are ever implicated the one with the other. What life is we are no nearer knowing than before. Nor what death is. Nor what is the purpose of change of individuals from so-called life to so-called death, allied with constant reproduction of the type. But if plants have mind and desire, it is a strange thought that the garden rose-tree tortured by prunings, cuttings, and tyings may be sighing with envy of the free dog-rose in the hedgerows.

Garfield's Last Tears.

A pathetic incident is related apropos of the day of fasting and prayer which was appointed by all the governors of the United States at the time President Garfield was removed from Washington, D.C., to Long Branch, in the hope that the change might help him to recover from the bullet wounds inflicted by Guitau. "Crete," said the President to his brave little wife, about eleven on that Thursday morning, as the ringing strokes from the belfry of the Episcopal Church, almost across from the cottage, reached his ears, "what are they ringing that bell for?" "That," said Mrs. Garfield, who had been waiting for the surprise, "that's the church where we were when you first came down. They're all going to pray for you to get well; and, falling on her knees, she said, 'and I'm going to pray, too, James, that I may be soon; for I know already that the other prayer has been heard.' From where he lay Garfield could see the carriages draw up, and group after group go in. He could even hear the subdued refrain of 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' as it was borne by on its heavenly way. Thrilled with emotion, a tear trickled down the President's face. Then he closed his eyes and turned his face as a sweet woman's voice arose, singing from one of Sir Michael Costa's oratorios. 'Turn Thou unto me, and have mercy upon me,' sang the voice. 'For I am desolate; I am desolate and afflicted; the troubles of my heart are enlarged. Oh, bring Thou me out of my distresses, out of my distresses, my God!' The people in the church sat almost spellbound under the voice, for the singer was affected deeply, and made it seem to all, what it must have been to her, a prayer in music.

Yankee Advertising in Germany.

"One coming into New York or any other American city must perforce be impressed with the nature of some body's soap or pain-killer, painted in letters that seem to fill the landscape, and in London the trams and 'buses are one mass of travelling advertisements," remarks Ray Stannard Baker in the "Outlook." "This disfigurement is unknown in Germany, and yet the Germans have their own effective methods of proclaiming the excellence of their wares. Like everything else, advertising is limited by law; the city provides certain large wooden columns at street intersections upon which placards may be posted, and the streets are not disfigured by dead walls bearing patent medicine advertisements. Then, again, look at the gimcrack toy which your boy is playing with, and you will find upon it the words, 'Made in Germany,' and, if you travel in Germany, you will find that you are very persistently pestered with circulars and pamphlets by post and otherwise. Last summer Barnum & Bailey's circus visited Germany for the first time,

E. HARRIS & CO. LIMITED
CANVAS COLORS PAPERS INKS
AND EVERY REQUIREMENT FOR THE
PROFESSIONAL AND AMATEUR ARTIST
71 KING STREET EAST - TORONTO

MEMORIAL
Stained Glass Windows
In English "Antique" or
American "Opalescent" Glass.
Special water-color designs prepared without
charge. The artists and enduring qualities of
our work are well known.

ROBERT McCausland Co.
LIMITED
67 KING ST. WEST, - TORONTO
W. L. FORSTER
... PORTRAIT PAINTING
Studio: 34 King Street West

and brought with it American methods of advertising. I am not exaggerating when I say that they paralyzed the Germans—both paralyzed and scandalized them. They didn't think it possible for any business enterprise to make so much noise; it was positively undignified. For the circus managers bought up store windows and store fronts by the hundreds, and their enormous colored prints, such as had never before been seen in Germany, told the wonders of the show to gaping multitudes. They disapproved of all this, but they went to the show."

A Common Sort of Bore.

"If no better reason can be found, a decent consideration for the comfort of others should prevent one's talking of ailments," says Dr. John K. Mitchell in "Harper's Bazar." "Besides being bad manners, the subject is wholly without interest for any but the speaker; the hearer only listens more or less perfunctorily in hopes presently to seize the chance of telling her own melancholy condition. Besides, to talk of illness, mental or bodily, helps to fix them in the mind, to intensify them—and is all too apt to suggest the exaggeration of them in order to make a good round tale. Moreover, if you talk about them too much or too often, even the long-suffering physician may grow tired of being battered with symptoms whose catalogue he has heard recited a hundred times over, and thus the very means taken to impress them will bring about its own defeat. Still more determined, if you are nervous yourself, should be your stand against letting others talk of their ills to you. Even the healthy cannot stand the continual presentation of disease to them without liability to imaginary infection therefrom."

Keep to the Point.

It was once remarked by Professor Huxley, after falling into an indiscretion which annoyed him, that when a man says what he has no need to say he is sure to blunder. The truth of the observation will hardly be questioned unless by the very few, if there are any such, who never say more than there is necessity for saying. Most of us acknowledge, if we review our own experience in the matter, that we have frequently erred by saying what needed not to be said. But why is it that people so persistently commit this mistake? Is it the ordinary small talk of the household, or of society, it matters little whether it is committed or not. But when serious matters are in question, whether in conversation, in set speech, or in correspondence, a case is frequently spoiled by irrelevance or redundancy. To say what you mean to say is comparatively easy; to leave off when you have said it is difficult, and for many people impossible. In Huxley's case the fault, which he probably did not often commit, was due neither to want of clear thinking, nor to want of facility in the use of words. One or the other or both of these causes will explain the inability to "keep to the point" which is usually apparent in the speech and writing of uneducated persons. But often, also, the speaker or writer forgets that extraneous considerations, interesting enough to himself, are of no interest to those whom he wishes to convince.

A Plain Straight-forward Letter.

Mrs. Louis Brovosts Publishes What She Thinks About Dodd's Kidney Pills.

A Convincing Piece of Evidence as to the Wonderful Power of the Remedy—Bright's Disease, Heart Disease and Rheumatism Each Afflicted Mrs. Brovosts—Dodd's Kidney Pills Positively Cured Her.

St. Magloire, Que., Oct. 7.—(Special)—The following letter was written by a well-known and highly respected lady of this place, being a copy of the original sent to the Dodd's Medicine Company of Toronto.

"When I wrote you for some Dodd's Kidney Pills I was so discouraged that I had no hope of being able to find any remedy to save my life. I suffered with Bright's Disease, Heart Disease and Rheumatism, and I was much bloated also with Dropsy. I was so feeble that I was unable to do anything. I suffered for sixteen years with Rheumatism. There were two years and a half that I suffered with Bright's Disease. I have tried all the remedies in the world and always grew worse and worse.

"There was one time when for three months I abandoned all my remedies and resolved to let myself die without taking any medicine. I received by chance one of your almanacs and a paper. I read them and I decided to write you and try again with your remedy. "Great was my surprise at the good that Dodd's Kidney Pills gave me with the first box you sent. I took them, and my health was greatly improved. Since then I have taken twenty boxes. I am cured of my Bright's Disease, my Heart Disease and my Rheumatism. I have still two boxes to take and by the time I have finished them I shall be in perfect health. I will permit you to publish this letter with pleasure and I hope later to give you facts of my recovery more completely than at present. I am still weak, but with time I shall be strong as ever. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all who suffer with any of the diseases that I did."

Melba's Wants.

Mme. Nellie Melba enjoys meeting her friends in the most simple way. She does not hedge herself about with guards to keep people from her. Therefore a recent injunction of hers is of much interest. In Paris she met an American millionaire who is on the shady side of fifty, and has great charm of manner and a good sense of humor. He asked Mme. Melba for the privilege of bringing to see her one or two Philadelphia friends, who were staying in Paris. She turned and said very earnestly: "Now, Mr. C., do you really want to be a good friend of mine? If you do, I want you to keep absolutely these rules that I have given to my best friends. I don't want to meet any young man. I don't want to meet any poor man. I don't want to meet any stupid man. I don't want to meet any woman; and I don't want to meet any who are not lovely, and well dressed, and brilliant."

The Battles of Life

Demand Nerve Force, Energy, Vitality
—The Weaklings Go to the Wall
—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food a True Fountain of Health.

What use has the world for men and women who have not courage enough to face the battles of life? Every day men are failing and women are growing discouraged and despondent because they lack the nerve force which is absolutely necessary to health and strength, and which supplies energy and ambition to body and mind. It is not too much to attribute nine-tenths of the sufferings of humanity to waning nerve power, the vital principle of life itself.

Is it any wonder that the heart's action grows weak and irregular, the digestion poor, the liver and kidneys sluggish and inactive, when the vital force stored up in the nerves is consumed or wasted by disease, worry or over-exertion of the mental and physical powers? We are living too far from nature's rules, burning the candle at both ends and wasting nerve force without thought of how it is to be replenished. The effects are carelessly overlooked until prostration, nervous collapse or insanity overcomes us and renders restoration next to impossible.

In his immense practice in the United States, the very home of nervous diseases, Dr. A. W. Chase studied the cause of these ailments which are slowly sapping millions of young men and women of the vital spark of life and energy. The result of his tireless investigation and experiment was the giving to the world of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the most marvelous nerve restorative that man has ever known.

There is no use of talking about old methods of treatment being as good as this new system of Dr. Chase. Facts prove beyond a shadow of a doubt the surprising upbuilding effect of this great food cure. By making note of your weight from time to time while taking it, you can observe the gradual upbuilding influence of this treatment. The color returns to the cheek, the energy and ambition to body and mind, you have new hope, new confidence and a new determination to succeed in life's battles. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

A Fox's Revenge.

A gentleman out shooting one day came to a river, where he saw six geese beyond shot. He determined to wait for them to approach the shore. While sitting there he saw a fox come down to the shore and stand some time and observe the geese. At length he turned and went into the woods and came out with a very large bunch of moss in his mouth. He then entered the water very silently, sank himself, and then, keeping the moss above the water, himself concealed, he floated among the geese. Suddenly one of them was drawn under the water, and the fox soon appeared on the shore with the goose on his back. He ascended the bank, and found a hole made by the tearing up of a tree. This hole he cleared, placed in it the goose, and covered it with great care, strewing leaves over it. The fox then left; and while he was away the hunter unbent the goose, closed the hole and resolved to wait the issue. In about an hour the fox returned with another fox in company. They went directly to the place where the goose had been, and threw out the earth. The goose could not be found. They stood regarding each other for some time, when suddenly the second fox attacked the other most furiously, as if offended by the trick of his friend. During the battle the hunter shot them both.

Anthony Hope and His Mother.

An American author who has recently returned from London, where he came into contact with Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, tells this anecdote illustrating one of the most charming personal traits of the famous novelist.

Mr. Hawkins has private apartments in Buckingham street, next door to the house in which William Black lived for many years. This place is about a mile from the parish house occupied by the author's father, who is a rector of the Established Church. The constant coming and going of parishioners at the old home made it impossible for the novelist to enjoy the privacy and immunity from interruption necessary to the prosecution of his literary labors, and compelled him to find a working-place away from his parents' house.

He had just entered into the full enjoyment of this arrangement when he discovered that his absence from the family roof was a source of keen anxiety to his mother, who could not bring herself to relinquish her motherly solicitude for the comfort of her son. She was in constant fear that he was not properly cared for, and spent many wakeful hours at night worrying over him.

Immediately on learning of his anxiety the son asked permission to spend his nights in his old room under the family roof, using his apartments in Buckingham street simply as a place in which to do his work. Every night, and often at great inconvenience, he returned to the parish house, solely to insure the peace of mind of his mother, who is now well advanced in years.

Affection of a Beaver.

A beaver dying of a broken heart! That sounds incredible enough, to be sure, yet one famous beaver, owned by W. J. Broderip, the naturalist, actually pined away in homesickness for his absent keeper. Binney, as this tender-hearted little fellow was called, was a great pet in the household. Mr. Broderip tells us in his "Leaves from the Note Book of a Naturalist," and he had not been long in London home when he set about building a dam for himself in the city house as cheerfully

as if he had been in his native haunts. Plenty of dainty titbits from the kitchen found their way to Binney through the hands of the housekeeper, who took great interest in him, and speedily won his affection. He showed his devotion to her in many pretty and amusing ways. At last, on the removal of his master from town he was taken to the Tower of London, and put in commodious quarters, under the care of a kind attendant. Everything was done to make Binney happy, but he lost all appetite and took no interest in his surroundings. Sweetmeats were brought, but he would not touch them, and only grew daily thinner and weaker. At last the attendant, in despair, took Binney back to the housekeeper with whom he had lived since the earliest days of his captivity. At sight of her the little creature gave a cry of delight, and dragged himself to her side. But it was too late to restore his former health and spirits. He died within a few days, much to the grief of all his friends.

Love's Omission.

I have whispered my love to the bright stars above,
To the echoing hills, to the murmuring rills,
To the fountains!
In woodland and vale I've unfolded my tale
Of devotion;
Not a meadow or grove but's aware of my love—
My emotion!

I have spoken as well to each flower in the dell,
The bees ranging
My passion reveal as the honey they steal,
Sweets exchanging.
And the stream as it flows all my ecstasy knows.
Ah, sweet feeling!
To the air, to the sky, my love secrets I am I
All revealing.

To the moon shining bright I have breathed my delight,
Ah, my passion!
All below, all above, I've informed of my love
In a fashion;
But though I have cried my desire far and wide
I'm afraid I
Have yet to impart the true state of my heart.
To the lady! —"Punch."

Bright Boy!

Teacher—What led Columbus to conclude that the world was round?
Bright Boy—Well, his experience with it proved that it was anything but square.—Boston "Transcript."

Wit and Wisdom From New Books.

"When the lights are out," he said: "wherefore and a night the actor bids the stage farewell; when stripped of mask and tinsel, he goes home to that Auditor who set him his part; then perhaps he will tell what manner of man he is. The glass that now he dresses before tells him not; but he thinks a truer glass would show a shrunken figure."—Audrey."

It is a miserable thing to linger on the threshold. The daring spirits pass across and close the door.—"Sister Teresa."

The devil possesses no one who does not desire him.—"Sister Teresa."

Men are born to hardship. It is the alloy which gives firmness to their metal.—"When the Land Was Young."

The over-exercise of a critical faculty is always dangerous, and by too much judging of port Benjamin ruined his career.—"The Seal of Silence."

Professional saints are very tiresome people. Amateur sinners are much more interesting.—"Casting of Nets."

To learn the worth of a man's religion, do business with him.—"Aphorisms and Reflections."

Rules of grammar cannot give us a mastery of language, rules of rhetoric cannot make us eloquent, rules of conduct cannot make us good.—"Aphorisms and Reflections."

A poet may be a good companion, but, so far as I know, he is even the worst of fathers.—"D'ri and I."

Altruism is a privilege rather than a duty.—"The Symphony of Life."

Heaven and hell are very real, but they are states of mind.—"The Symphony of Life."

When the law sets out to punish, it doesn't stop with the guilty only.—"The Manager of the B. and A."

They took his humor for flippancy because their own flippancy was devoid of humor.—"Men and Books."

What Did She Mean?

He—The joke was, both these girls were hopelessly in love with me, and I made them madly jealous of each other.

She—I wonder you had the face to do it, Mr. Sparkins!—"Punch."

Crying Babies.

The Cry of an Infant is Nature's Signal of Distress.

Babies never cry unless there is some very good reason for it. The cry of a baby is nature's warning signal that there is something wrong. Every mother ought to get to work immediately to find out what that something wrong may be. If the fretfulness and irritation are not caused by exterior sources, it is conclusive evidence that the crying baby is ill. The only safe and judicious thing to do is to administer Baby's Own Tablets without the slightest delay.

For indigestion, sleeplessness, the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, diarrhoea, constipation, colic and simple fevers, these marvelous little tablets have given relief in thousands of cases and saved many precious baby lives. Do not give a child so-called "soothing" medicines; such only stupefy and produce unnatural sleep. Baby's Own Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or other harmful drugs; they promote sound, healthy sleep because they go directly to the root of baby troubles. Dissolved in water, these tablets can be given to the youngest infant. Mrs. Walter Brown, Milby, Que., says: "I have never used any medicine for baby that has done as much good as Baby's Own Tablets. I would not be without them."

Baby's Own Tablets are for sale at all drug stores, and will be sent direct on receipt of price (25 cents a box) by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

THE HIGHEST GRADE TEA OBTAINABLE ANYWHERE.

"SALADA"
Ceylon Tea. Gold label at 60 cents per pound by all Grocers. Have you ever tried it?



Australia's Governor-General.

It is feared in some quarters that the Earl of Hopetoun will not be able to complete his term as Governor-General of Australia. His Lordship has never entirely shaken off the effects of the illness which prostrated him in India on his way out to Australia, and though he was really prominent as the host of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, he has since, owing to his unsatisfactory health, been unable to fulfill many of his public engagements.

Danger in Soda.

Serious Results Sometimes Follow Its Excessive Use.

Common soda is all right in its place and indispensable in the kitchen and for cooking and washing purposes, but it was never intended for a medicine, and people who use it as such will some day regret it.

We refer to the common use of soda to relieve heartburn or sour stomach, a habit which thousands of people practice almost daily, and one which is fraught with danger; moreover the soda only gives temporary relief and in the end the stomach trouble gets worse and worse.

The soda acts as a mechanical irritant to the walls of the stomach and bowels, and cases are on record where it accumulated in the intestines, causing death by inflammation or peritonitis.

Dr. Harlandson recommends as the safest and surest cure for sour stomach (acid dyspepsia) an excellent preparation sold by druggists under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. These tablets are large 20-grain lozenges, very pleasant to taste, and contain the natural acids, peptones and digestive elements essential to good digestion, and when taken after meals they digest the food perfectly and promptly before it has time to ferment, sour and poison the blood and nervous system.

Dr. Wuerth states that he invariably uses Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in all cases of stomach derangements and finds them a certain cure not only for sour stomach, but by promptly digesting the food they create a healthy appetite, increase flesh and strengthen the action of the heart and liver. They are not a cathartic, but intended only for stomach diseases and weakness, and will be found reliable in any stomach trouble except cancer of the stomach. All druggists sell Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at 50 cents per package. A little book describing all forms of stomach weakness and their cure mailed free by addressing the Stuart Company of Marshall, Mich.

Proof Adduced.

"Everybody says the baby is just like me."
"What nonsense. Why, it hasn't said a word since it was born."

A Hopeless Case.

"Are the Guggletons in such reduced circumstances?" "Oh, yes. Why, I understand they are obliged now to live within their income."—N.Y. "Life."

His Ideal.

First Cat—If you had your choice of all the world, where had you rather live? Second Cat—China. They say there is a wall there 1,250 miles long! Just think of moonlight nights—and a wall like that!

The Up-to-Date Undertaker.

A Yankee undertaker advertises: "Why live and be miserable, when you can be comfortably buried for twenty dollars?" We shall expect something of the kind over here soon. Don't be surprised when you take up your morning paper if you read this sort of thing: "Billy Morgan looked down the barrel of his daddy's gun to see where the bullet went to when it went off. The funeral was handsomely conducted by Smith & Co., who have always a large staff on hand, and are open to bury the whole neighborhood at twenty-four hours' notice. A pound of tea given away with every coffin. Order early and avoid disappointment."

No Occasion For Mirth.

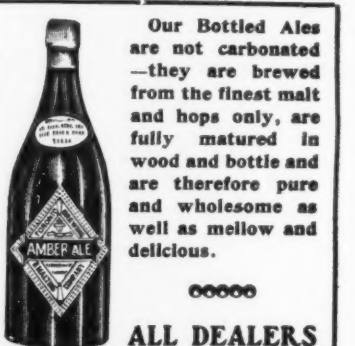
General A. S. Burt, who recently returned from Manila, in an interview said:

"My observations and opinions of conditions in the Philippines differ somewhat from those held by a great many people. General Otis labored a long time and with splendid success, and after much fighting came home and announced that the war was practically over, and his tour of duty was



Coke Dandruff Cure
Hair Tonic

For Falling Hair, Dandruff, Eczema and Irritation of the Scalp. It keeps the Hair and Scalp in a thoroughly healthy condition. Try it once and you will use no other. Sold by druggists.



Toronto Brewing Co.
Simcoe St. Toronto

Established 1856
Head Office—38 King Street East
Telephone—Main 131

P. BURNS & CO.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Coal and Wood

MERCHANTS
BRANCH OFFICES:
Front Street, near Bathurst.....Tel. Main 440
Princess Street Docks....." 130
572 Queen Street West....." 139
425 Yonge Street....." 3290
304 Queen Street East....." 2110
425 Spadina Avenue....." 2110
1312 Queen Street West....." Park 1711
274 College Street....." North 1711

TORONTO, CANADA

Want Your Clothes Pressed?

'Phone Main 1862 and we will do the rest. Reasonable prices and the best work.
A card or 'phone will bring you our prices.

Cheesworth's Clothes Press
130 KING STREET WEST

pronounced very successful. General MacArthur took up the job and found that for one year there was as much fighting to be done as there was before General Otis left. When he left he pronounced the war to be practically over, and his tour was declared to be very successful. These generals are entitled to their country's gratitude for their successful work; but, as far as the war being over is concerned, that is another question. As a matter of fact, the island of Samar, one of the largest in the archipelago, is still unsubdued, and General Hughes is still fighting there. Many observing officers have committed themselves to the opinion, and I am one of them, that the troubles in the Philippines will not cease during our time.



MHE Royal opera festival opened too late in the week for notice in this issue. The closing events to-day (Saturday) will be Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet* at the evening, and *La Traviata* at the matinee and *Carmen* in the afternoon. The cast advertised is as follows: *Romeo and Juliet*—Juliet, Sybil Sanderson; Romeo, M. Gilbert; Mercutio, M. Decker; Tybalt, M. Jacques; Nurse, Miss Bauermeister; conductor, M. Flon. *Carmen*—In the title role, Mme. Emma Calvé; Don Jose, M. Salignac; Escamillo, M. Journet; Micaela, Fraulein Fritz Scheff; Frasquita, Miss Bauermeister; Mercedes, Miss Van Couteren; El Remendado, M. Journet; conductor, Mr. Sepilli.

Among recent church appointments are those of Miss Olga McAlpine as contralto soloist at St. Paul's Anglican Church of this city, and Mr. Charles E. Clarke as bass soloist at the Central Presbyterian Church, Hamilton.

M. Camille Saint-Saens recommends strongly conductors of choruses to produce the fine choral prologue to Bolto's *Meistertale*. While it is said that the opera owed whatever success it made many years ago to this prologue, M. Saint-Saens contends that it is better suited to the concert-room than to the theater. The nebulous celestial background at the opera is usually a failure because the situation is beyond the resources of a theater and had best be left to the imagination. In the concert-hall this can be done. Moreover, for concert purposes larger and better choral forces are available, and more rehearsals possible, so that the beauties of the score can be better revealed. "It is for these reasons," continues M. Saint-Saens, "that I have always regretted that our musical societies do not make the public acquainted with this astonishing work, to which they could impart all the effect called for by this work, which on account of its originality, its boldness, its happy inspiration, is one of the miracles of modern music." The suggestion made by the eminent French composer is one that may well be taken into consideration by Mr. Vogt and his Mendelssohn Choir. If there is a society that can do justice to the inspiration of Bolto, it is Mr. Vogt's society. If the idea prove feasible, the prologue could be perhaps produced at this season's second concert of the choir, when it is expected Mr. Vogt will have the co-operation of one of the great orchestras of the United States.

Fraulein Termina, the distinguished singer, is not at all complimentary to American audiences. She has explained to a Munich critic that the reason she attempted the role of Isolde in New York with an inferior environment, was that in America the audiences do not insist on correct performances of great works of art, and that the singers, instead of interpreting operas according to the design of the composers, adapt them according to their individual tastes and capacities. There is no doubt a good deal of truth in the charge, but Fraulein Termina has been unnecessarily frank and slightly ungrateful, seeing that she was lauded in most extravagant terms by the New York press for her rendering of this very role.

One of the old pioneers of music in this city has passed away in the person of Mr. Frederick Toulmin, formerly bandmaster of the 10th Royal Grenadiers, leader of the orchestra at the old Lyceum Theater in King Street, memorable for its performances of opera by the Holman company, and player of the double bass at some of Mr. Toulmin's early productions of oratorio. Mr. Toulmin came to America from London in 1845, first settling in Texas. He removed to this city a few years later, and was for a long time a prime mover in musical enterprises. Mr. Toulmin was not a solo violin player, but he did many years of useful work in the orchestra, and in co-operating with amateur societies was ever ready to accept a humble position in the orchestra. He was a genial Englishman, and, unlike many musicians of these days, did not talk learnedly about music, and made no pretensions to ultra-aesthetics. He leaves a widow and several children.

The veteran comic opera organization, the Bostonians, have been playing all this week in their most popular repertory at the Princess Theater. They opened with De Koven's familiar *Robin Hood*, an opera which has in the past earned many thousands of dollars for them, and a work which the composer has not yet succeeded in equaling—certainly not in the public estimation. They gave it a satisfactory and meritorious rendering in many respects, particularly in regard to the chorus and orchestra, the latter of which had been increased to a strength of twenty members. But in the fine points which distinguished the work of their old leading singers they are lacking. They have not yet succeeded in bringing forward exponents of the role of Maid Marian worthy to be compared with Caroline Hamilton, nor any mezzo-soprano equal to Zelle de Lussan. The comedy business of the opera is carried out in the old lines, although Mr. Barnabee is not quite so vigorous a Sheriff of Nottingham as in the days when he created the part. As usual of late years, they introduced several singers new to us, among them a sonorous bass, Mr. Hinckley, a light contralto, Adele Rafter, and a promising soprano, Frances Miller, who has a brilliant voice, even if somewhat metallic in the upper register. The other operas given were *The Serenade* and *The Viceroy*, both of which have been heard here, and neither of which has ever created any great enthusiasm.

The College of Music School of Education and Dramatic Art opened with

an enlarged staff of teachers and a promising attendance. The success of the school last year was a source of congratulation to the directors of the College of Music, who announce that Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A., will continue as principal, assisted by Miss Mabel Hall, Mrs. Scott Raff, Miss Bickell, Miss O'Neill and Mr. Kennedy. The dramatic classes open on October 16, and many interesting and novel features are promised in the dramatic and recital department. Miss Hall's classes in physical culture at the College of Music will open October 15, at 3 p.m. Special rates in this department for the fall term.

Mrs. Rose McCann of Texas is the latest addition to the list of concert sopranos. She intends wintering in Toronto, and is open for engagements through her manager, Mr. W. F. Tasker.

A pretty good story is being told in some of the French papers. A certain noble lord who knew nothing about music promised to hear one of Beethoven's posthumous quartets played by the Joachim party at St. James's Hall, London. A few days later he met Dr. Joachim at dinner, and said he had enjoyed the concert very much, though he could not understand why the performers blacked their faces. A similar experience was the lot of M. Capoul, the French tenor, who got into the Christy Minstrels' Hall in mistake for the great St. James's Hall, and came to the conclusion that in blackening their faces the artists must be mad.

Mr. John Fiddes has received the appointment of tenor soloist at the Central Presbyterian Church.

Mme. Patti will commence her autumn provincial tour in England next week. She is announced to give one concert in the Albert Hall, London, on November 1. The famous diva affords a remarkable instance of a well-served voice and exceptional physical energy at a mature age. Mme. Albani, the Canadian prima donna, also shows no disposition of retiring. She is booked to start on a tour on the 21st inst., in conjunction with Lady Hall and Mr. Santley. One wonders whether Mme. Albani will ever give another farewell tournee in Canada.

Mr. Wolfsohn, the well-known musical agent of New York, announces that Josef Hoffmann, the great pianist, will give a recital in Toronto some time during the present season.

Schubert wrote the music to "Hark! Hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings" in very prosaic surroundings. One day he was strolling through the Wahring, near Vienna, when he came to a beer garden, where he discovered a friend looking at a volume of Shakespeare's poems. Schubert took up the book, and, turning over the leaves, suddenly stopped. Pointing to the words, "Horch, Horch, die Lerch in Aetherblau," he exclaimed: "Such a delicious melody has just come into my head. If I had but a sheet of music paper with me." His friend, Doppler, at once drew a few music-lines on the back of a bill of fare; and in the midst of a great hubbub, with fiddlers, skittle-players, beer drinking, and waiters rushing to and fro, Schubert wrote this lovely song.

During the festival at Gloucester, England, recently, a local newspaper contained the following advertisement: "Young lady wishes to teach music, 3d the half hour; at own residence. Address—W. F. Tasker, Toronto."

A whole programme of English music was given at Dieppe, France, on August 28. The composers represented were Sullivan, German, Elgar, Cowen and Coleridge-Taylor.

The Conservatory directorate has completed arrangements to institute a course of lectures on church music and kindred subjects, together with a course of practical training in musical theory, sight-singing and choral work, including the study of hymn tunes, chants, anthems, etc., all of which has been planned with the specific object of meeting the requirements of the body of theological students resident in Toronto during the collegiate year. The practical course will consist of twenty class lessons, conducted by Mr. A. T. Cringan, Mus. Bac., teacher of singing, theory and sight-singing in the Toronto Conservatory of Music and teacher of music in the Toronto Normal and Model schools. These lessons will be given at the Conservatory every Tuesday at 4:30 o'clock p.m., beginning on October 22. It is not intended that this course shall necessitate much, if any, study on the part of the student outside of the class, the fact being fully recognized that his time for music study is extremely limited.

Miss Mary E. Nolan of Brantford has resumed her classes in vocal instruction at the Conservatory of Music. Miss Nolan's marked success in previous years has created a great demand for her services, and her time is rapidly being filled. Appointments may be made for Friday and Saturday of each week.

Edouard Barton, the professor of vocal culture on the staff of the Toronto College of Music, has removed to a more convenient locality. The address in future will be 281 Spadina avenue, where information re free vocal scholarships for the coming year can be had.

One of the Leeds festival novelties is a cantata for soprano and baritone soli, chorus and orchestra, entitled *The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuille*. The words are a translation by Longfellow from the Gascon of Jasmin. "The story of blind Margaret, whom Baptiste abandoned for Angela," says an English reviewer, "and of meriment turned into mourning, when at the close the forsaken girl, heart-broken, falls dead at the feet of her former lover, offers to the composer opportunities for picturesque and emotional music, also for striking contrasts. There are the 'rosy village girls' singing their chant as 'They wind aslant toward Saint Amant,' the cripple Jane, who utters her note of warning; the sadness of Margaret when she learns that 'Angela the bride has passed'; the wedding procession, the ceremony in the

church, and the bearing of the bier of the dead blind girl at eve to the churchyard—in all these incidents there are lights and shades which secure that variety which is ever present in nature, and which therefore is a necessity in art." The reviewer adds that the composer produces his effects in a direct way, and of melody there is no stint. The choral writing, of homophonic character, is effectively laid out for the voices. Representative themes are used but moderately. The cantata is divided into three parts.

Mr. W. Y. Archibald, the well known tenor and teacher of voice culture, has returned to the city after spending the past four months studying under Prof. A. A. North of London, England. Mr. Archibald has been much improved by his trip abroad.

A gold-headed cane was presented on Tuesday evening to Mr. P. H. Torrington by the Royal chorus during an intermission in the rehearsal. The Rev. Dr. Potts made the presentation on behalf of Aid. Cox, who was unavoidably absent, and at the close of a complimentary speech said, waving the cane over the veteran conductor's head: "If I were able I would ask you to kneel and then say, 'Rise, Sir Frederick!'" Mr. Torrington was evidently disconcerted by the unexpectedness of the gift, but he soon rallied, and made a brief acknowledgment. On the same evening Miss Husband, the accompanist of the chorus, was presented with a beautiful bouquet. The ladies' committee, who arranged for the presentations, succeeded in keeping their purpose a profound secret up to the last moment. I have been forbidden, under pain of their strong displeasure, to publish their names. CHERUBINO.

Mea Culpa.

Across the aisle an unknown maid
With my poor head had have played.
To be devout I try and try,
But those arch glances from her eye
Each Sunday morn I can't evade.

My plecty is thus arrayed
Against the wiles this tempting jade
Upon me tries all on the sly
Across the aisle.

And, truly to tell, I am afraid
My orisons but masquerade;
I really get them all awry—
They simply will not 'scend on high—
Not higher than her hat's cockade
Across the aisle.
—Town Topics.

Who dare assert that "the well of English undefiled" does not sparkle at times? The following was heard only a night or two ago at a street corner: "No, old man; can't! Must get away. Can't stop—can't stop! If I ain't in by 'alf-past, the old woman will simply decimate me!"—London "Outlook."

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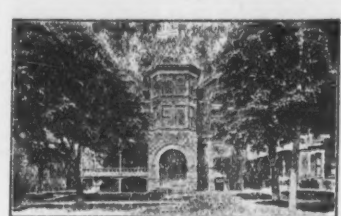
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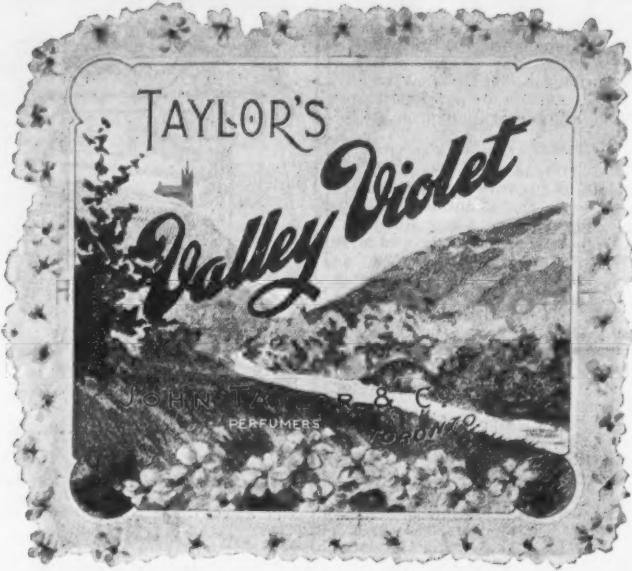
Miss Emily Benson of Port Hope is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. F. Blake.

Mrs. J. H. Hargreaves and Miss Faith Hargreaves of London, England, are guests at the Queen's. They purpose spending a fortnight in town.

Mrs. Alexander Ireland has gone to the copper country to visit her son, Mr. A. Lee Ireland, who is attending the Michigan College of Mines, Houghton, Mich.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary E. Lyle, daughter of Dr. Lyle, to Mr. Alexander Warden, son of Dr. Warden, of St. George street, Toronto.

A very pretty wedding took place at Grimsby on the afternoon of Tuesday, October 8, at "Hillcrest," the residence of Mr. A. W. Metcalfe, brother of the bride, when Miss Ella M. Metcalfe, daughter of the late Rev. J. F. Metcalfe, was married to Dr. Harry Gardner Fairfield of Geneva, N.Y. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. F. Wilson of Hamilton, assisted by the Rev. F. W. Hollinrake and the Rev. James Goodwin of Grimsby. The bridesmaid was Miss Ethel Harrison of Toronto; the groomsmen were Mr. Thomas F. Jackson of St. Catharines. The bride wore a dainty gown of pale cornflower crepe de chine, trimmed with white silk passementerie and mouseline de soie, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses. The groom's gift to the bride, a beautiful pearl star brooch, was worn by her at the ceremony. The bridesmaid was crowned in biscuit-colored crepe de chine, and the groom wore a suit of white silk passementerie and mouseline de soie, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses. The groom's gift to the bride, a beautiful pearl star brooch, was worn by her at the ceremony. The bridesmaid was crowned in biscuit-colored crepe de chine, and the groom wore a suit of white silk passementerie and mouseline de soie, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses.



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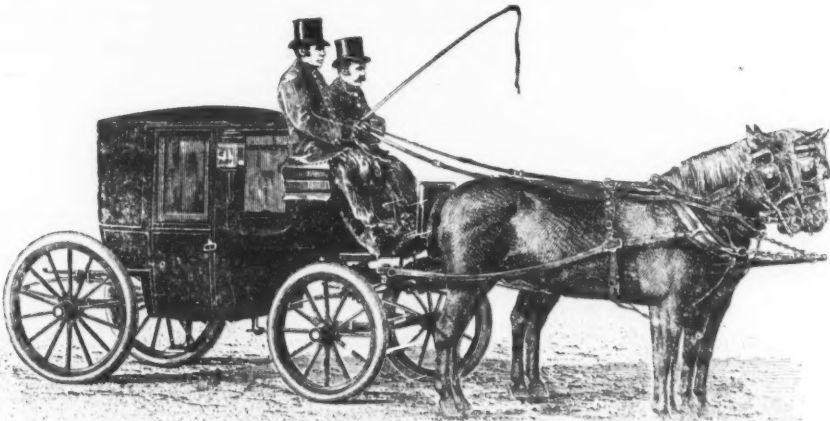
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Social and Personal.

Mrs. Cattermole and Miss Enid Wornum will receive on Tuesdays at 570 Spadina avenue, where Dr. Cattermole has taken apartments for the winter.

The women of Toronto have come forward in an unwonted and public-spirited way on the occasion of the visit of Royalty, and beside getting up quite the daintiest and most artistic present which has been given to Her Royal Highness, and for which more than sufficient funds were freely given, have beautified a quarter of their city by the erection of the Alexandra Gates, which the Royal lady consented to open on Thursday en route to the City Hall. The "gates" are handsome stone pillars, and for the opening were richly decorated and set with temporary gates of evergreen, which were opened by two graceful little girls, and a small maid emerged to meet the Duchess, with a beautiful bouquet, which the gracious lady received pleasantly. It has been remarked all through the tour that the Duchess always gives her sweetest looks to little children, doubtless an evidence of her yearning toward the jolly little company left behind for long months in sacrifice to the exigencies of travel. The women of Toronto, conservative in their instincts, and wiser in their tastes than they often get credit for, have done well to take a prominent place in honoring a woman whose excellences of character and mind they can so well appreciate and also emulate. The Royal gift has evoked no criticism; admiration and pleasure have been freely expressed, and the short and hearty words of the address are accepted as the simple expression of women to a woman, rather than of subjects to their future Queen. Miss Mowat was the presenter of the beautiful gift of Toronto's women, and the subscribers were invited by special cards to see the presentation. Through-out, the management of the little tribute offering was characterized by ability and courtesy, and everyone was most charmed with the affair.

A meeting of Grey County old boys is to be held next Tuesday evening, 15th inst., at 8 o'clock, in Room 4 (fifth story), Temple Building, to consider the project of organizing an association. All former residents of Grey County are invited to be present, and are urged to make the meeting as widely known as possible amongst persons eligible for membership.

In St. Thomas' Church, Huron street, at 2 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, Miss Ethel Archer, daughter of Mrs. Archer of Huron street, was married to Mr. Goldwin Colley Foster of the Imperial Bank of Montreal, son of Mr. Colley Foster of Grosvenor street. The service was read by the Rev. F. G. Plummer, assisted by the Rev. V. E. F. Morgan, cousin of the bridegroom. The church of the church had been prettily decorated for the occasion by some of the bride's girl friends. Mr. Reed, organist of the church, played appropriate music, both before and after the ceremony. The bride wore a gown of soft white silk, trimmed with chiffon,

and her veil was caught with sprays of lily of the valley. Her bouquet was of lilies of the valley and roses. Her maid of honor, Miss Ethel Gray, was in white crepe de chine, with a sash of mousseline de soie, and a black velvet picture hat trimmed with plumes. Her bouquet was of pink carnations. The bridesmaids, Miss Florence Lea and Miss Frances Colley Foster, sister of the bridegroom, were in pretty gowns of white voile, trimmed with insertions of lace, with sashes of blue crepe de chine, and black picture hats. The groomsmen were Mr. Lyons Colley Foster of Rossland, brother of the bridegroom, and the ushers were Mr. Frank Graham and Mr. Harry T. McMillan. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's mother, which was decorated with autumn leaves and flowers. Afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Foster left for a trip to Buffalo, Boston and New York, before going to their future home in Montreal. The bride's traveling gown was of blue frieze, with a bodice of white silk, and a hat of dark blue velvet.

Hon. Robert and Mrs. Boak of Halifax are staying for a few days with their daughter, Mrs. George B. Burns, 50 Bellevue place.

Mrs. W. A. Shaw (nee Grange of Napanee) will receive at 49 McMillan by the "Tunisian" on the 4th, after a week's tour in Canada.

Miss Shields of Glasgow, Scotland, who was the guest of Mrs. R. C. Winlow, Seaton street, sailed for Liverpool by the "Tunisian" on the 4th, after a delightful tour in Canada.

Mrs. William E. Rundie will receive at 11 Selby street on Wednesday and Thursday, October 16 and 17, and afterwards on the first and third Mondays.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas of Cambridge, England, have leased Miss Jennings' house in St. Vincent street. Rev. Mr. Douglas is a professor in Knox College. Miss Jennings is at present with Mrs. A. R. Creelman.

Mrs. Walter G. Lumbers (nee Mellick) will hold her post-nuptial reception on the afternoon of Tuesday, October 22.

Miss Bronacha McEneaney, who has been a guest of Mrs. H. D. Arnold, "Highview," Collingwood, for the summer months, left this week for Toronto.

Mrs. H. D. Arnold and Miss Bonamy of Collingwood are in Toronto this week, enjoying Royal festivities.

Mr. Charles Harmer, son of Mr. R. S. Harmer, sailed last week on the steamer St. Louis, after spending a very pleasant vacation at home and among his friends, to resume his studies at the Royal Naval College, where he has been studying for the past year. Previous to this he spent three years at the Royal Eltham Naval College. He has turned out to be a perfect athlete, being one of the best Rugby and cricket players on the county team, having won the college championship in all-round sports, and holding the English junior record for

rowing from Portsmouth to the Isle of Wight.

Mrs. Macpherson (nee Miln) will receive on next Tuesday afternoon at her father's residence, 40 Division street, and will afterwards be at home the first Wednesday of the month at 42 Cecil street.

Mr. and Mrs. James Grace have Mrs. Goldie of Lindsay as their guest, and were all at the wedding reception on Wednesday. Miss Adele Burnham of Port Hope is visiting Major and Mrs. James Burnham. Mrs. and Miss Fitzhugh are visiting Dr. and Mrs. Bruce Kilgord. Mr. Joe Mackenzie came down from Winnipeg for his sister's wedding. Miss McTavish of Colborne is the guest of Mrs. Thorburn. Mrs. Meagher of Lindsay is visiting her sister, Mrs. Merry. She came down for the Benvenuto wedding.

Mrs. Arthur Murray of Bedford road gave a tea on Tuesday for Miss McGillivray of Glangarry.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Dickson Patterson arrived home on Monday. They had a very stormy passage over on the "Majestic," not the "Meganitic" as reported. Mr. Patterson has a severe cold, but Mrs. Patterson is in excellent health, and has had a delightful sojourn in home places, among warm friends. The couple finished their tour by a short visit to Lord FitzGibbon, at Howth, just out from Dublin.

Torontonians who know Colonel Prior, M.P., of Victoria, B.C., and his stylish and clever daughters will be interested in reading the account of the marriage of Miss Cecilia Maud Prior and Mr. Peter Scott Lampman of Victoria, which took place in Christ Church Cathedral, Victoria, having been postponed from September 4 on account of the illness of the bridegroom. The bridesmaids were Miss Dunsmuir, who is also well known here; Miss Vernon, Miss Madeline Wilson and Miss Prior. They wore frocks of white Liberty satin, with lace and insertions, the bodices finished with lace boleros and pink chiffon and plaid satin panes. Their hats were of black lace braid, with tulle and black plumes. Miss Jessie Prior and Master James Dunsmuir were train-bearers, and Mr. Alexis Martin of Ballynahinch, Hamilton, Mr. Holmes, and Dr. Robertson were ushers. Mr. George E. Powell was best man. The bride's gown was of rich ivory satin, en train, brocaded with a pattern of true lovers' knots, the corsage finished with Brussels lace and orange blossoms, transparent yoke and sleeves of chiffon, and a tulle veil, caught with orange blossoms. After the marriage, a reception and dejeuner, with a dance afterwards, took place. Mr. and Mrs. Lampman are spending their honeymoon in San Francisco. The bride's traveling gown was of cream serge, trimmed with tuckings, the bolero finished with touches of gold, and a black hat garnished with plumes.

A Canadian Pianist.

We are to have Emiliano Renaud with us on the evening of October 22 at the Massey Hall in one piano recital. Renaud is a French-Canadian of Montreal. He comes of a very old and aristocratic family. His father is a prominent member of the bar. His mother was a pianist, who, while scarcely possessing the brilliancy of her son, was perfectly competent to give him a fine musical education, and in the atmosphere of his home his talent showed signs of development almost in his babyhood. His mother taught him until the age of ten, when he was sent to Dominique Ducharme, the well-known Canadian piano pedagogue, and later on he went to study in Vienna and Berlin, where he has followed the classes of celebrated masters.

At eighteen—a little over six years ago—Renaud's masters pronounced him ready for the world. Since his return to America he has been heard in several concerts in the United States and Canada, and won an instant success. He is also the only Canadian pianist who has ever appeared in concert, playing his own concerto for piano, with orchestra accompaniment.

His great power lies in the poetry of his music. He is fine as a master of technique, but it is as a poet musician with a remarkable quality of magnetism that he holds his audiences. The piano sings under his fingers; yet without he is masterly and bold. He is one pianist who has nothing to fear from rivals.

Curious Whims.

Eccentricity is often nothing but the exaggeration of individuality, as with a scholar of some distinction who died towards the end of the last century. His peculiarity expressed itself in the way in which he tried to carry his scholarship, or the symbolism of it, into the grave. By the terms of his will he left six thousand guineas to his sister on condition that his funeral was carried out on curiously-prescribed lines. His coffin was painted green, and was followed by only six gentlemen—no relatives being invited—who were to receive ten guineas each provided they did not dress in black. The body was fully dressed. Under the head was placed a copy of Horace, and at the feet Bentley's Milton. In one hand was a pocket edition of Horace, and in the other a small Greek Testament; and another copy of Horace was laid underneath. The hired mourners sang over the closed grave the last stanza of the twentieth ode of the second book of Horace; and subsequently, after a generous supper, another ode was sung. "Which done," ran the final injunction of the will, "I would have them take a cheerful glass, and think no more of me." A French historian had a whimsical fancy for reading and writing by candlelight. At full noon-day, in the brightest summer weather, he would have his candle by his side, and he would carry it in his hand when showing his visitors to the door.

Appearances Deceived Him.

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Births.

Hutchinson—At Port Rowan, Ont., to the wife of Dr. D. H. Hutchinson of Ingersoll, a son.
Rix—Oct. 4th, Mrs. (Rev.) G. A. Rix, Toronto, a son.
Strickland—Oct. 3rd, Mrs. P. D. E. Strickland, Pembroke, a daughter.
Cosens—Sept. 30th, Mrs. A. Cosens, Brampton, a son.
Robertson—Oct. 1st, Mrs. W. J. Robertson, Toronto, a son.
Bach—Oct. 4th, Mrs. J. E. Bach, Toronto, a daughter.
Macdonald—Oct. 5th, Mrs. (Rev.) J. A. Macdonald, Toronto, a son.
Boyd—Oct. 6th, Mrs. W. T. J. Boyd, Toronto, a son.
Cowie, Oct. 4th, Mrs. F. B. Cowie, Toronto, a son.
Jordan—Oct. 4th, Mrs. George G. Jordan, Toronto, a son.
Pringle—Oct. 5th, Mrs. A. R. Pringle, Toronto, a son.
Sorby—Oct. 3rd, Mrs. D. Sorby, Guelph, a daughter.
Price—Oct. 7th, Mrs. F. D. Price, Toronto, twins—son and daughter.
Ramsden—Oct. 1st, Mrs. J. G. Ramsden, Toronto, a daughter.

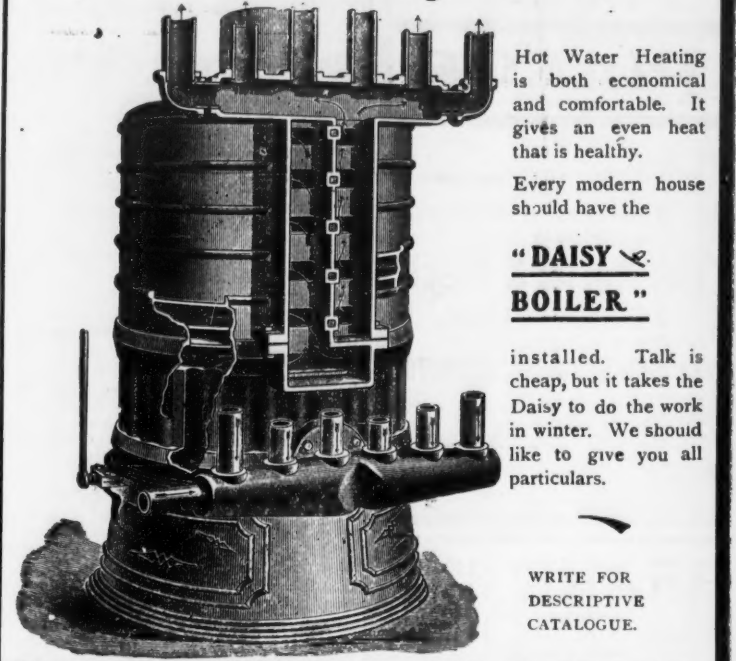
Marriages.

Bright—Richardson—On Oct. 8th, by Rev. John Pearson, rector of Holy Trinity Church, Toronto, Ada Victoria Richardson, eldest daughter of Mr. R. Richardson, C.S.R., Toronto, to Mr. J. E. Bright, druggist, Toronto. The groom was supported by J. R. Sutherland of Quebec Bank, and the bride by Miss Laura Bright.
Tarr—Fitch—Oct. 2nd, at Niagara Falls South, Stambury Fitch Tarr to Harriet Ayora Fitch.
Clark—MacNichol—Oct. 2nd, at Toronto, Herbert Abraham Clark, B.A., to Mary Laura Adeline MacNichol.
Sharp—Piper—Oct. 2nd, at Toronto, George Frank Sharp to Lotta May Piper.
Sinden—Barrie—Oct. 3, at Toronto, W. J. Sinden to Lydia Barrie.
Hornby—Shunk—Oct. 2, at Toronto, Alfred Louis Hornby to Maud S. Shunk.
Green—Stearns—Sept. 10, at Buffalo, Elmer Green to Anna Gertrude Stearns.
Pearson—Donaldson—Oct. 3, Robert Campbell Pearson to Kate Donaldson.
Smith—Scott—Oct. 3, at Port Hope, John C. Smith, M.B., to Ethel Blanche Scott.
Hucks—Stewart—Oct. 3, at Harrison, Harry J. Hucks to Della Maude Stewart.
Harding—Easton—Oct. 5, at Toronto,

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Middleton—Hazlewood—Aug. 31, at Durban, South Africa, Alexander Middleton to Elizabeth Hazlewood.
Cook—Roy—Sept. 4, Albert E. Cook to Rose A. Roy.
Barrie—Macdonald—Sept. 4, at Yokohama, Japan, Howard G. Barrie, M.D.C.M., to Julia Macdonald.
Neill—Cramer—Oct. 7, at Hamilton, Charles Ernest Neill to Mary Louise Cramer.
Bate—Barrett—Oct. 8, at Walkerton, Charles F. Bate to Amy Marion Barrett.
Foster—Archer—Oct. 9, at Toronto, Goldwin Colley Foster to Ethel Archer.
McCauley—Bryce—Oct. 9, at Toronto, William Marshall McCauley to Jean Bryce.
Weeks—Morris—Oct. 8, at Toronto, William E. Weeks to Miss Morris.
Fairfield—Metcalfe—Oct. 8, at Grimsby, Dr. Harry G. Fairfield to Edna M. Metcalfe.
Deaths.
Wallace—Oct. 8, at Woodbridge, Nathaniel Clarke Wallace, M.P., aged 67 years.
Roy—Oct. 8, at Morristown, Harry Colin Roy, aged 36 years.
Beale—Oct. 9, at Buffalo, Henry Beale, Cutler—Oct. 9, at Toronto, George W. Cutler, aged 62.
Coran—Oct. 8, at Toronto, Thomas Coran, aged 62 years.
Plumb—Oct. 8, at Toronto, wife of G. L. Plumb.

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